

MISCELLANY,

Being A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS

By several Hands.

Together with

REFLECTIONS

ON

MORALITY,

OR

SENECA UNMASQUED.

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T O

Sir William Clifton.

I am very sensible how the ill-natur'd World has been pleas'd to Judge of almost all Dedications, and when not addrest to themselves will not let 'em pass without the imputation of Flattery; for there is scarce any Man so just to allow those Praises to another in which he does not immediatly share in some degree himself, nor can the Fantastick Humors of the Age agree in point of Merit, but every Mans Vertue is measured according to the sence another has of it, and not by its own intrinsic value, so that if another does not see with my Eyes and Judge with my Sence, I must be Branded with the Crime of Fools and Cowards; nor will they be undeceived in an Error that so agreeably flatters them, either by a better knowledge of the Person commended, or by a right understanding from any other Judgment; they hate to be convinc'd

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ced of what will make no part of their satisfaction when they are so, for as 'tis natural to despise all those that have no vertue at all, so 'tis as natural to Envy those we find have more than our selves instead of imitating 'em: and I have heard a Man rail at a Dedication for being all over Flattery, and Damn it in gross, who when it has been laid before him, and he has been asked to answer according to his Conscience, and upon Honour to every particular, could not contradict one single Vertue that has been justly given there, yet angry at being convinced has cry'd, with a peevish, uneasie tone.----Yet I don't know how, nor I don't know what ----but 'tis all together methinks a piece of Flattery----When indeed the business was, he did not know how to afford him so good a Character, nor he did not know what other reason he had to find fault with it, and was only now afflicted to find 'twas all true; whereas before he charged it all on the effects of some little sinister end or advantage of the Author.

'Tis therefore Sir, that I have taken the Liberty here of addressing my self to one, whose Generosity and Goodness has prevented any such Scandal,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Scandal, and secured me from the imputation of Flattery by rendring this, but a small part of that Duty only, which I have so long owed you; 'tis only, Sir, my debt of gratitude I pay, or rather an humble acknowledgment of what I ought to pay you; for favours of that nature are not easily returned, and one must be a great while discharging it out of the Barren Stock of Poetry; but where my own failed, I borrowed of my Friends, who were all ready to give me Credit for so good and just an occasion, and we all soon agreed where first we should begin the work of gratitude. For, Sir, your worth is every where known, and valued; it bears the Royal stamp and passes for currant to every ready hand; Loyalty being that standard Vertue of the Soil which finds its price all over the World; nor is it in these our glorious days, who bears that Rate now, but who has always done so through Fate and Fortune; dyed in the true Grain, not to be varied with every glittering Sun-shine, nor lost in every falling Shower, but stanch to its first beautiful colour, indures all weathers.

Nor is it enough that where you are known, you are beloved and blest, but you, whose Quality

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and Fortune elizate you above the common Crowd, ought to have your Loyal Names fixed every where, as great and leading Examples to the rest, as the Genius of your Country and the Star that influences, where your Lustre shines. You, who in spite of all the Follies we import from France so much in fashion here, still retain, and still maintain the good old English Customs of Noble Hospitality, and treat the under-world about you, even into good nature and Loyalty; and have kept your Country honest, while else-where for want of such great Patrons and Presidents, Faction and Sedition have over-run those Villages where Ignorance abounded, and got footing almost every where, whose Inhabitants are a sort of Bruits, that ought no more to be left to themselves than Fire, and are as Mischievous and as Destructive. While every great Landlord is a kind of Monarch that awes and civillizes 'em into Duty and Allegiance, and whom because they know, they Worship with a Reverence equal to what they would pay their King, whose Representative they take him at least to be if not that of God himself, since they know no greater or more indulgent; and are sure to be of his opinion, he's their Oracle, their very Gospel

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Gospel, and whom they'll sooner credit; never was new Religion, Misunderstanding, and Rebellion known in Countries till Gentlemen of ancient Families reformed their way of living to the new Mode, pulled down their great Halls, retrenched their Servants, and confined themselves to scanty lodgings in the City, starved the Poor of their Parish, and rackt their Tenants to keep the Taudry filth in Town a hundred times more expensive, but you Sir, retain still the perfect measures of true Honour, you understand the joys and comforts of life and blest retreat; you value Courts tho you do not always shine there, you dare be brave, liberal, and honest tho you do not always behold the Illustrious Pattern of all Glorious Vertue in your King, and absent from the lavish City. You are pleased and contented with the favour of your Monarch, tho you have no need of his Bounty, dare serve him with your Life and Fortune, and can find your reward in your own Vertue and Merit; this I dare avow to all the World is your Character in short, for which your lasting Name shall live, when the turbulent, busie hot-brain'd disturbers of their own tranquillity and the Kingdoms Peace, shall live in fear,
die

The Epistle Dedicatory.

die in Shame and their memory rot in the forgotten Grave, or stand to after Ages Branded and Reproached, while we can never enough Celebrate that Glorious one of yours; nor knew we where to fix it to render it Durable to all Eternity so well as to lasting Verse, that out-wears Time and Marble. If any thing within can contribute to the diversion of your Hours of least concern, 'twill be sufficient recompence to all who beg your Patronage here, especially

Sir,

Your obliged

and most humble Servant,

A. BEHN.

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M U S Æ U S

O F

Hero and Leander.

Come, Sing my Muse, that Lamp that once
did prove,

The constant Witness of a secret Love;
That Lamp, that o're the Sea the Lover drew,
To dark embraces which the Sun ne're knew.

Sing *Sestos* and *Abidus*; Sing the whole,
How *Hero* her enjoyments nightly stole:
I sing *Leander*, and that conscious light,
That was the Pimp of *Venus* ev'ry night,
And shew'd the way to *Hero's* stoln delight.
That Lamp which in reward Celestial *Jove*,
Ought to have fix'd among the Lights above,
And call'd it the officious Star of *Love*.

B

For

For till an envious blast did it betray
 To Love's soft joys, it nightly shew'd the way.
 Sing on my Muse, how Fate did give that light
 And young *Leander* one eternal night.

Two Towns there stood which *Helle* did divide,
 The one was *Europe's*, t'other *Asia's* Pride.
 This the great *Sestos*, that *Abydos* nam'd;
Cupid to both one Golden Arrow aim'd;
 Here a brave Youth, there a young Maid he shot,
 This lovely *Hero*, young *Leander* that.
Leander liv'd upon *Abydos's* Shore,
 Ne're *Sestos* stood the Virgin *Hero's* Tow'r;
 Both shew'd a Star to their respective Town,
 Both by each others Beauties to be known.
 Reader, If't be thy fortune or thy fate
 To view these Castles, find where *Hero* fate.
 On *Venus* Bow'r, a Lamp fixt in her hand,
 Guiding *Leander* to his wish'd-for Strand:
 Seek me *Abydos* out, where to this day
 Rites to *Leander* all the Natives pay;

But

But since the Youth did beyond *Helle* live,
 How cou'd the Nymph at such a distance give
 So great a wound; so great a wound receive.

Hero descended from a noble Race,
 Unskill'd in Love, knew not what *Cupid* was:
 Far from her Fathers House, on *Helle's* Shore,
 Liv'd in a great, but solitary Tow'r;
 Was *Venus* Priestess; such her Grace and mien,
 You'd rather take her for that Beauties Queen:
 Yet to obscure what all that saw admir'd,
 She prudently from company retir'd;
 Danc'd at no Balls, to shun the envious fair,
 For all the Sex in Beauty envious are.
 Her Bus'ness was, her Goddess to attone,
 And sometimes to the Mother joyn'd the Son;
 But all in vain, no Sacrifice was fit,
 Or cou'd appease that little waspish Chit,
 He shot at last, and as he shot he hit.

Now was the yearly Feast of *Venus* come,
 When it was thought a sin to stay at home;

This *Sestos* did to *Venus* Dedicate,
 In memory of *Adonis* mournful fate.
 They swarm'd from every Quarter many Miles;
 From *Thessally* and all the neighb'ring Isles:
 Some Youths from *Cyprus* come, but not a Maid
 On *Ibannus*, or in *Cythera* staid;
 Hither the *Phrygian* Lads did all resort,
Alydos left not one to guard the Sport.
 To Feasts, such Amorous Youths do still repair,
 Not to attend on Sacrifice, or Prayer,
 But to adore the Nymph that's kind and fair.
Hero ith' Temple walks, and so displays
 Among th' admiring Crowd her charming Rays;
 So *Cynthia* exalts her Beauty's Pride,
 When all the lesser Lights are round her side;
 The Lillies of her cheeks with *Roses* joyn,
 To give her Face a lustre all Divine;
 View but those Limbs that bless the common Air,
 You'll find a Bed of Violets blushing there;
 Her Feet beneath her Alb, plays in and out,
 And in a thousand *Roses* round about.

That Poet never had good word of mine,
 Who did the Graces but to three confine;
 Let *Hero* smile, the doting Bard shall swear
 Ten thousand Graces in her Eyes appear;
 A lovely Priestess for the Queen of Love,
 Her Sov'rein Charms did so Majestick prove,
 That She without a Rival all did pass,
 And *Venus* Maid another *Venus* was.

Now ev'ry Youth a welcome heat did fire,
 Not one but her enjoyment did desire;
 Still as she walk'd before the gazing Crowd,
 All Eyes, and hearts, and wishes, her pursu'd;
 Till a gay Youth, to give his Passion ease,
 Broke silence in these words, or such as these.

I've travell'd *Greece*, have been at *Sparta* fair,
 Where the fam'd celebrated Beauties are;
 Yet never have I seen a Face like thine,
 The Graces sure attend at *Venus* Shrine.
 I've tistl, but cannot satisfie my Eye;
 Oh give me *Hero's* Bed! then let me dye,
 In *Hero's* Arms I cou'd with Raptures lye.

Had I but *Hero* mine, at my abode,
I should be lessen'd to be made a God ;
But if thy Priestess *Venus* be deny'd,
Grant me, oh grant me ! such another Bride.

Thus spoke the Youth, and others much the
same,

Whose hearts were fir'd, tho they conceal'd the
flame.

The young *Leander*, he his Passion own'd,
He scorn'd to hide an honourable wound.
Shot with the Darts that from her Beauties flye, }
He resolutely brave would Fortune try, }
Wou'd *Hero's* live, or else wou'd *Hero's* dye ; }
Love lit' his Torch, brave Youth, at *Hero's* Eyes,
And did thy Soul with gen'rous fire surprize ;
Swift are the darts that charming Beauties cast,
The feather'd Arrows fly not half so fast ;
The Eye, ye wretched Lovers, is the way
By which the wound they to the heart convey.
A while *Leander* different Passions move,
A silent, then a bashful trembling Love ;

But.

But *Cupid's* fresh assaults soon rous'd his Sense,
 And gave him a convenient Impudence :
 Now at less distance he confronts the Dame,
 And flings a glance to tell his silent flame ;
 Hoping this secret way the Maid to win,
 And lead her by that wanton path to sin.
Hero well pleas'd *Leander* was her Slave,
 Now Veils that Beauty which the Victory gave :
 But first (for she too felt Love's pow'rful God)
 She kindly sent him an assigning Nod ;
 And then afresh does all her Beams display,
Leander knew what those dumb signs did say :
 And now a pleasing Joy through ev'ry vein
 Told him she knew, and wou'd relieve his pain ;
 And while he long'd for a fit time and place,
 The wearied Sun had run his daily race :
Hesperus shews a dusky kind of Light,
 And welcome Clouds combine to hasten night.
 Then with more boldness did the Youth draw
 nigh,
 And prest her fingers with a willing sigh ;

While she with Scorn drew her fair hand away,
 Her Eyes alas, much kinder things betray,
 Embolden'd then he took her by the Gown,
 And forc'd her to the Vestry all alone;
 She seem'd unwilling, and half chiding said,
 Unhand me cruel Man; Heavens! are you mad?
 Is this the manner of your rude address?
 D'ye know my Function? dare you treat me thus?
 Ah leave me while y'are safe, if you are wise,
 My Father's Rage, your Folly will Chastise:
 --But would you Sir -- indeed -- debauch a Nun --
 A harmless Maid is not so easily won,

Thus *Hero* chides, if Virgins know to chide,
 But this cou'd not her softer passion hide;
 When Women use th' Artillery of the Tongue,
 No doubt they will surrender ere be long:
 Know then when such faint threats you Lovers
 hear,
 They yield apace, the assignation's near.
Leander now secure the Fort to win
 First steals a kiss, and then does thus begin;

My

My sacred fair, next to the Queen of Love,
 Thou to thy Lover shalt a *Venus* prove ;
 Next to the Daughter of *Jove's* teeming brain
 Thou a new *Pallas* o're my soul shalt reign ;
 Thou hast no equal in the World beside,
 None but those pow'rs that are to *Jove* allied ;
 Happy that Man if he were yet no more,
 To whom thou ow'st that being I adore ;
 Thrice happy is the Womb from whence you
 came,
 But heal my wounds, and quench my burning
 flame.

As *Venus* Nymph the Rites of *Venus* mind,
 I will instruct those Rites, if you'll be kind :
 A Virgin knows not *Venus* to atone,
Venus will ne're indure thy Virgine Zone ;
 Her Institutes 'tis fit that you should read,
 Kisses, and all the sweets o'th' Nuptial Bed ;
 If to your Goddess you'd obliging prove,
 You must submit to the soft Laws of Love.

Come

Come make me thine ; *Cupid* has made me so,
 Such is the pow'r of his Victorious Bow,
 Who made *Alcides* quit his Lions skin,
 With *Omphale* and her Maids to set and spin.
 You've heard of *Atalanta* I suppose,,
 Who to *Diana* made acursed Vows ;
 She scorn'd the great *Milanon's* offer'd bed,
 But angry *Venus* bow'd her haughty Pride,
 And made her yield to the avenging Boy ;
 Oh fear the Goddess's rage and be not Coy.

This Tale the list'ning Nymph more easie made,
 And to Love's wandring paths did soon perswade ;
 She blush'd, and bent her bashful Eyes to Earth,
 Her new-born flames deni'd her words a Birth ;
 And to conceal the fire her Eyes might shew,
 She clos'd her Veil, and took a turn or two.
 But silence gave consent, ask but your Miss
 When she will tast the sweets of *Cupid's* bliss ?
 When she'll assign to give your Passion ease ?
 If she say nothing, that's ene when you please.

Hero

Hero both felt and fan'd Loves eager fire,
 Tasting the pleasing pain of new desire :
Leander as the Nymph bow'd down her head,
 On her fair Neck his greedy Eyes he fed ;
 Fresh blushes still a sweet Confusion make,
 At last she sigh'd, and trembling, thus she spake :
 Such pow'rful Charms, as these, the Rocks wou'd
 move,
 Who taught you all these cunning Arts of Love ?
 Alas—and then she blush'd—who brought you
 here ?
 And yet your tale of Love—is lost—I fear—
 You are unknown, a Stranger in the Land,
 Strangers have Vows and Oaths at their commands,
 You cannot lead me to a lawful Bed,
 My Parents w'ont consent that we shou'd wed ;
 If you shou'd Sojourn here and steal the Joys,
 All over *Sestos* that would make a noise ;
 In things of ill report Mens tongues are bold,
 What's done in corners, is in Markets told.

Yet

Hero

Yet tell your Name, what Country man you are,
 You know my Town, my Name is *Hero* Sir.
 Th' unkindness of my Parents built this Tow'r,
 This Hermitage upon the *Sestian* Shore,
 To be a Seat for one poor Maid and Me ;
 No Nymph or sprightly Youth our comforts be,
 No Neighbour near us, but the Neighbouring
 Sea ;

Where every night by Winds and Waves is plaid
 A Melancholy dismal Serenade.

This said she blush'd, and down her Eyes she
 hung,

Checking the Licence she had giv'n her Tongue.

Now did *Leander* all his cunning prove,
 Wisely to manage his Intrigue of Love.

When *Cupid* finds his homage strictly paid,
 He kindly heals the wounds his Arrows made ;

Where his Supremacy is duely own'd,
 There he's a Friend and not a Tyrant found :

Leander thus distress'd finds *Cupid's* aid,
 And thus with nobler Courage Courts the Maid.

Alas, can Seas confine my vast desire ?
 To you, my fair, I'll make through Seas of fire.
 When I to *Hero's* Bed wou'd force my way,
 The Waves in Storms of Thunder shall obey ;
 I'll swim the *Hellepont* and stem its Tide,
 In spite of all its rage and swelling Pride.
 At distance, (small for Lovers) against yours,
 There stands the Town *Abydos*, which is ours ;
 From thence I'll swim, when day shall end in
 night,
 Only upon your Turret hang a Light :
 That shall Love's Vessel guide ; no more in vain
 Will I direct my Course by Charles his Wain :
 What good can dull Bootes me afford ?
 Or fierce *Orion* with his flaming Sword ?
 That Light shall be my Star my joys to find,
 But as thou lov'st me, guard me from the wind ;
 My Life no longer than that light will last,
 And both will end with one malicious blast.
 Till then, since, fairest, you my name would have,
 I'm your *Leander* proud to be your Slave.

Thus

Thus both consent to a clandestine Match,
 She to hang up her Lamp by night to watch;
 He to swim o're the Sea; th' agreement this,
 That their stoln pleasures might augment their
 blifs:
 When thus they'd spent the Night as Lovers do,
 They took their Leaves, and sighing, cri'd adieu;
 She to her Tow'r, he to a strict survey,
 How in the darkeſt night to find the way.

Now had he put from Shore, and prosperous
 Gales

More than he wiſht, to *Abydos* fill'd his Sails:
 Both ſtrove with day, and long'd for kinder night,
 For night! to give, and hide their ſtoln delight:
 Night came at laſt, and brought her freſh ſupply
 Of ſleep to all, but Lovers watchful Eyes.
Leander he to the Sea-side repair'd,
 To ſee if his bright Nuptial Star appear'd;
 That pledge of Faith that the fond Lover led,
 To taſte the ſweets of *Hero's* Virgin Bed.
 No ſooner had kind Clouds o'reſpread the ſkies,
 But to her Turret the ſwift *Hero* flies;

Hangs

Hangs out her Lamp, and as she that does fire,
 Love fires *Leander* with more hot desire;
 At first when he the raging Sea did hear,
 He felt a little kind of seeming fear;
 But soon he to th' inviting Lamp did look,
 And then his Manly Courage thus he spoke:
 Loves furious rage is great, no less your Seas,
 Such violent Storms no Victim can appease;
 The Sea but water is, but Love's a flame,
 That all the Floods of *Helle* ne're can tame;
 To Love compar'd the Sea's a feeble thing,
 Know'st not what Deity from thence did spring?
Venus, the pow'rful *Venus* tim'rous fool?
 What rules us Lovers does the Sea too rule.

This said, the Am'rous Youth, with both Arms
 stript

Guided by Love, into the Waves he leapt;
 A steady Course by his new Star he sought,
 Himself the Pilate, Passenger, and Boat.
 By the Lamps side poor *Hero* trembling stood,
 And gnarded it by all the art she cou'd;

Sometimes

Sometimes she cover'd it, and pray'd the wind
 To that and to *Leander* to be kind :
 Till as she wisht *Leander* came ashore,
 Oh then how nimbly she unlock'd the doors,
 Kiss'd and embrac'd, and led him to her Tow'r.
 Over his quiv'ring Limbs she flung her Gown,
 And dry'd his Locks that still ran trickling down;
 Then to her own apartment led the way,
 Whose choice perfumes did the Waves salts allay;
 And as he lay still panting on her Bed,
 She thus imbrac'd him, and thus softly said.

Come, my dear Bridegroom, thou thy love hast
 tri'd,

As never any Bridegroom did beside;
 That all the Waves o'th' *Hellespont* can tell,
 And that this scent of thine, this brackish smell;
 Come let me clasp thee in my longing Arms,
 There I'll secure thee from all threatening harms:
 Ravish'd with pleasure he untid her Zone,
 And so the Rites of *Venus* were begun;

Nuptials there were, but yet no Nuptials Dance,
 No Musick or Love-Song their Joys inhance;
 Not one of *Phæbus* Prophets tun'd his Lyre,
 Not one o'th' Graces, or the Muses Choyr:
 Alas! no *Hymen Hymeneus* cry'd,
 No Torches burning; nay the bed beside
 Soft silence made, black Night undress'd the
 Bride.

Black night alone was conscious of their Bliss,
 The day ne're saw the Bride and Bridegroom kiss;
 Before *Aurora* well cou'd dress the Morn,
Leander still had made his quick return,
 Nothing discover'd yet, *Hero* they say
 A Wife by night, a Virgin was by day.
 To speed the Sun both do their Vows engage,
 Each minute that divides 'em is an Age:
 Thus the stoln pleasures of the Bed they tast
 Happy; if this their happiness wou'd last.
 Too short a thred the Destinies had spun,
 Too soon alas, their little Race was run;

j

When young *Leander* to enjoy his Bride
 With matchless Courage did a Wave beside;
 A Wave, that with a wild Auxiliary aid
 Durst storm the Skies, and make th' Hav'ns a-
 fraid;

A Civil War did all the Winds engage,
 Great was the fury of intestine Rage;
Eurus with all the Forces of the East,
 Charg'd *Zephyrus* the General of the West;
 The North and South joy'd Battel on the place,
 And *Notus* Hector'd *Boreas* to his face;
 Their hideous noise like that of Thunder spread.

Oh whither should *Leander* flee for aid!
 Sometimes he did for help on *Venus* call,
 Sometimes upon his knees to *Neptune* fall;
 Nor did he leave the blustering *Boreas* out,
 Tho he his *Atthis* now had quite forgot:
 But Fate prevail'd, not one would lend an Ear,
 Not one of all the Gods would hear his Prayers;
 Now did he yield himself to every Wave,
 His Legs and Arms were tir'd, and cou'd not save;

He gasp'd his last, and Floods ran down his
Throat,

And now, just now, the fatal Lamp went out ;
Curst be that blast that was so rudely thrown,
That Lamp of Love is with the Lover gone ;
Hero outwatch'd the Lamp, cou'd find no ease,
Toft by her fears as he was by the Seas.

By break of Day she every Wave survey'd,
Thinking, the Lamp being out he might be
stray'd ;

But wen she cast her Eyes beneath her Tow'r,
And saw *Leander* dead upon the Shore,
She from the top herself did headlong throw,
And thus enjoy'd him in the Shades below.

THE
Runaway *Cupid*:
OUT OF
M O S C H U S.

When *Cupid* from his Mother ran away,
Thus *Venus* Cry'd her little wanton
Stray.

Oh Yes! if any one o'th' Neighb'ring Swains,
Has seen my *Cupid* stragling on the Plains;
Let me but know where my young Fugitive is,
Venus will well reward thee with a kiss.
But if thou bring'st him home when he is Cry'd,
A kiss is thine, and something else beside.
He's a notorious Boy, his Marks I'll shew,
'Mong twenty Lads you may my youngster know:

His skin's not white like other Boys, but red,
 His Eyes like fire do sparkle in his head ;
 Smooth is his Tongue, but his heart full of
 guile,
 His words as soft as they were steep'd in Oyl ;
 When angry, he is fierce, and will engage
 All the mischievous Arts of treacherous Rage ;
 He is a Lying, Couz'ning Boy, and still
 His very Sports do one or other kill ;
 A lovely head of hair his Temples grace
 But then he has a bold and daring face ;
 Small are his hands, and yet they'll fling a dart
 To th' Shades below, and wound e'n *Pluto's*
 heart ;
 Naked are all his Limbs, his Plots not so,
 Wing'd like a Bird that hops from Bush to
 Bough.
 From his young Swain, to that fair Maid he flies,
 And over both their hearts does tyrannize ;
 Small is his Bow, but it is always fixt,
 His little Arrows sometime Heav'n have vex't.

A Golden Quiver, bitter Shafts does hide,
 With which the Rogue will wound his Mothers
 side;

All cruel are, his Torch a little one,
 But with new flames it often fires the Sun.
 Pray bind him fast, if you my Vagrant take,
 Let him cry if he will, till his heart ake ;
 But if he smiles, and offer you a kiss,
 Drag him along, his Lips all Poison is;
 He'll cry—here take my Torch, my Shafts, my
 Bow,
 But touch 'em not, they are all Poison too.

THE
Honey Stealer,
the 20th. IDYLIUM
O F
THEOCRITES.

WHen *Cupid* once the little Thief would
play,
And search'd a Hive to steal the Combs away ;
A watchful Bee that in her waxen Cell,
To guard her Nectar then stood Centinel,
Wounded his Fingers as they still drew near,
And to the head bury'd her poyson'd Spear ;
He cry'd, and stamp'd, and frisk'd, and blow'd
his hand,
And to his Mother of the Bee complain'd ;

He

(25)

He fobb'd, and wonder'd how there could be
found

A Fly so small to make so great a wound;

But *Venus* laugh'd to see how *Cupid* cry'd,

And thus at length she smilingly reply'd:

Thou'rt like this Bee, my Child, a little Brat,

But great the wound you make, I'm sure of
that.

Damon

Damon and Thyrsis:
A
PASTORAL
ON THE
Right Honourable,
THE
EARL of PEMBROKE'S
WEDDING.

Thyr. **W**hat *Damon* sleeping, and all
over day?

Are these the Early Offerings we pay?

The Pipe undrest, the Garland wither'd lies,

Rouse Shepherd and unclose these drowsie eyes.

Shepherd awake!

Thyr. Alas I am undone!

Yet shall my Zeal prevent the rising Sun.

Ds.

Da. Shepherd the Morning blushes at thy Sloth,

God *Pan* will sore chastise thy breach of Oath ;
You Vow'd with Holy Fire to light the Day,
Before *Aurora* well could see her way.

Late as it is no fire to th' Altar's laid,

Your Vows I see are as soon broke as made.

Thyr. This Sloth you chide pure inspiration
was,

Last night (sit while I dress) I took a glass

A cherful glass at *Metabjrus* Feast,

Where *Damon*, you have been a welcome Guest.

But when I took my leave, and kiss'd his hand,

God *Bacchus* strok'd me with his charming wand ;

And I no sooner reel'd into my Cell,

But in a pleasing Extasie I fell ;

I walk'd with *Venus* in the Myrtle Grove,

And learnt the newest tunes of Noble Love ;

I learnt——

Dan. I wish thou'dst learnt thy Duty, Swain,

Daphnis the Pride of all *Arcadia's* Plain,

Last

Last night his Beauteous Bride fair *Ægle* led,
 To the wish'd Joys of a chaste Nuptial Bed ;
Daphnis and all the Gods too 'I'll believe,
 But to the Altars, let not dreams deceive.

Thyr. Thither I'm going *Damon* with your
 leave. }

Not Dreams but Visions stole my Soul away,
 And kept it tardy till the break of day ;
Venus and all the *Cupids* me confin'd,
 For *Venus* oft you know with *Bacchus* joyn'd ;
 They led me Captive in their welcome chains,
 Taught me the Notes of Love, those Am'rous
 strains:

Those very Raptures that great *Daphnis* Sung,
 When trilling *Cupids* play'd upon his tongue ;
 I have those very Airs won *Ægle's* heart,
Damon, I'll sing 'em, if you'll bear a part.

Da. This time for Song, thy Sacrifice prepare,
 Heav'n will reject thy late and drowsie Prayer.

Thyr. No Penitent too late, to Heav'n come,
 A dying sigh may prove an Hecatomb.

Da. What Victim now shall add to *Daphnis* blifs?

Thyr. May Heav'n and all the Gods be ever his.

Da. Thy breath that cost thee nothing thou wilt give,

And with that empty breath thy Flocks reprieve.

Thyr. *Daphnis* commands my Flocks and me his Swain,

For him the first of all my Flocks are Slain.

Da. For *Daphnis* I my whitest Kid will bring,
And while the Priest shall Pray I'll sit and Sing.

Thyr. In *Daphnis's* tender years I had the care,
To tune his Voice and his first Pipe prepare;
That Honour *Damon* I shall proudly wear.

Da. At *Flora's* Feast I did with *Daphnis* Sing,
And had the second Garland from our King;
That Honour's mine, *Thyrsis*, of all the Ring.

Thyr. Oh! what Notes does *Daphnis* now aspire to;
I hld my Pipe if he but touch his Lyre.

Da. *Daphnis* I now the Victory resign,
My Laurels wither at the sight of thine.

Thyr.

Thyr. Henceforth no Rival *Daphnis's* art will
prove,

He only knows the Harmony above,
And tunes his Lute to a Diviner Love.

Da. Sublimer Notes now entertain his Care,
He teaches *Dedalus* what *Machins* are,
And *Archimedes* how to use his Sphere.

Thyr. When too much care leads our Divines
astray,
And nice distinctions lose what they would say,
He shews to Heav'n a more compendious way.

Da. While some in many Books would Sci-
ence find,
And what they vainly seek still leave behind,
He reads the Numerous Volumns of his mind.

Thyr. The Sacred Oracle he does revere,
And all the *Sybil's* Leaves by them compare :
But *Daphnis* is a Theme too high
For silly Swains, as thou and I:

Come what for *Ægle* will my *Damon* pay?
That ev'ry Sun new pleasure may convey,
And ev'ry night more pleasure than the day.

Da. Dull Swain, and shall we then presume
to sing

The Nymph that *Daphnis* did in Fetters bring?
Will *Ægle* ever stoop to lend an ear
To *Thyrsis* Notes, or rustick *Damon* hear?
Ægle with *Daphnis* soars above the Sky,
In *Damon's* Roll *Ægle's* a Deity.

Thyr. Then jointly let's erect a Shrine,
For *Damon's* Goddess shall be mine.

Da. I'll bring a Turtle Dove that sits and
moans,
And tells her Love in soft and murmuring tones.

Ther. And I my *Philomel*, who still does sing
The rude Embraces of the *Thracian* King.

Da. I'll to the Turtles chaste *Alcione* give,
Who for her *Ceyx* will in numbers grieve.

Ther. And I'll set *Progne* by her Sisters side,
They once did *Itys*, now their Notes divide.

Da. I'll deck fair *Ægle's* Fountain with a Rose,
A Rose that blushing in her Beauty grows.

Ther.

Thyr. I would the Lillies of the Valleys seek,
But that those Lillies grow in yonder cheek.

Da. *Ægle*, vouchsafe on me one gracious look,
I'll Offer up my Pipe and Shepherds Crook.

Thyr. *Ægle*, let one kind Ray on *Thyrsis* shine,
I'll hang my Lute and Laurels on your Shrine.

Da. Last night when *Daphnis* the Nymph *Ægle*
led,

Dame *Juno* bore the Torch, and *Hymen* made the
Bed.

Thyr. As *Daphnis* lead, the Graces danc'd along,
Apollo plaid on's Harp, and all the Muses sung.

Da. *Cupid* unstrung his Bow, his work was
done,

And *Venus* help'd t'untie the Virgin Zone.

Thyr. All did assist, but above all the rest,
The Chaste *Diana* *Daphnis* Bride undress'd.

Daphnis! oh how that name does me inspire
With something more than a Poetick fire!

As t'other night I by a Fountain play'd,
Damon, I saw *Muassylus* in the Shade,
And heard him sing the Song *Silenns* made,

}
After

After a learned Origin of things,
 The Rights divine of Prelates and of Kings.
 To *Daphnis* Race he did his Song confine,
 The numerous Heroes of that Noble Line;
 He shew'd the very Point that does divide
 Great Wit and Madnes; too too near ally'd,
 Where Honour stagger'd, and where firmly stood
 What Fire Atoms did ferment their blood.

Da. Hold *Thyrsis* ! is not *Daphnis* blood
 the same?

Thyr. True, but *Phylosophy* that heat does
 tame,

After a List of Heroes whole great name
 Beyond Time's Registers shall challenge Fame.]
 He sung how *Janus* steer'd with politick
 care,

*The old
 Lord.*

Firm to his Prince, yet to the Faction fair.

*The first
 Brother.*

How *Bromius* did Love, and Court the Vine,
 To drink and drown in flowing Bowls of
 Wine;

*The last
 Brother.*

And how *Leantius*, in his Nature mild,
 By converse with wild Beasts himself grew
 wild;

D

Whose

Whose House was metamorphos'd to a Den
Of Bears and Tygers, or more Savage Men.

*This pre-
sent Lord.* But when the Satyr sounded *Daphnis*
name,
His Voice was like the Silver Trump of
Fame;

He made the Mountains and the Woods repeat
Daphnis the Brave! *Daphnis* the good and Great.
How all the Nymphs for *Daphnis* Love did Pine,
Of *Sain*, of *Tajo*, *Tyber*, and the *Rhine*.

Here *Psyche* too, who by a turn of Fate
Was *Janus* Relict, while yet *Janus* Mate:
Fill'd all the Grove with a sweet trembling Air,
Psyche the Chaste, the Pious, and the Fair.

When e're her heart for *Janus* Love did bleed,
With sighs and kisses she'd young *Daphnis* feed.
No wonder Heav'n thus Crowns his riper years,
Who was the Son of *Psyche*'s Prayers and Tears.

Early to th' Muses care she sent her Son,
Whose thirst of Wit soon drein'd the *Hellicon*;
Thence *Daphnis* went to *Athens*, and from thence
A Student of the World he did Commence.

Ye Gods what Vows she made for his return!

But here the Satyr did not sing, but mourn.

Da. When he to th' Banks of *Loir*, or *Arno*
came,

Daphnis was thought a Native of the same;

He read the Men and Manners of each Town,

Not to improve but to impart his own.

Thyr. Where e're he came the Nymphs for
Daphnis strove,

While none but *Ægle* cou'd deserve his Love;

Still may she have the sole Dominion there,

And *Daphnis* think none but his *Ægle* fair;

Confirm ye Gods to each the other's heart,

And none but Heav'n can greater Joys impart;

Both. Still may they live, still may they love,

To increase the number of the blest above.

He advises his friend to Marry.
 Shews the Happiness of that,
 and the Miseries of a looser
 Life: By Mr. *H. C.* of *K. C. C.*

L Et Debauchees call Matrimony dull,
 Laugh at the soft uxorious wedded Fool;
 Damn'd to the loath'd Embraces of a Wife;
 Eternal Slave to nonsense, noise, and strife;
 While they still new and nobler pleasures find,
 Are always free and always unconfin'd;
 From place to place, from Wench to Wench they
 rove,
 And change as often as their Cloaths, their Love.
 Ev'ry new Face the cringing Coxcombs Court,
 And ev'ry old becomes their scorn and sport.
 They Spend, Drink, Duel, till at last they come
 With empty Pockets, Clap'd and Bleeding home.

This

This is the blessed Liberty they boast,
 Their Health, their Credit, and their Money's
 lost:

But this is needless Sir, to you are known
 The Follies and the Lewdness of the Town.
 Which while I griev'd, oh may I ever be
 A Slave, said I, if this be to be free.
 But you my friend, my life's peculiar care,
 Warn'd by the Ills you daily see, beware,
 Let no Lewd Fop, nor wild example prove
 Your Generous Youth to base promiscuous love;
 Suppress the rising passion if you can,
 If not, at least confine your flame to one;
 Love her and only her, the charming she,
 Whose happy humour does with yours agree;
 Of equal Birth and Fortune, kindly made
 By Heav'n, to be the partner of your Bed,
 To whose Excess there is no need of Force,
 And when enjoy'd there follows no remorse;

With harmleſs Innocence, ſincere delight,
 Without th' allay of horror or a fright
 She'll ſweeten all the cares of the paſt day at
 night ;

With thouſand Kiſſes ſhe'll invite to Reſt,
 Recline you gently on her downy Breaſt,
 Then undiſturb'd you'll peaceful ſlumbers take,
 And no foul guilt diſtraſt you when you wake ;
 Bleſt ſhall you be at leaſt with ſuch a Son,
 As the glad Father will be proud to own.

From

From HOMER'S I LIADS
By Mr. T. B.

PRIAM'S SPEECH
TO
ACHILLES.

FEeble like me, with such grey Locks as these,
Peleus presents himself upon his knees;
And begs my Peace: Think on the good old man:
Then *Peleus* Son be cruel if you can.
Suppose him Sir, just now to be oppress'd,
And none to drive the torture from his Breast,
But he can smile to hear how you are blest'd;
Proud with his hopes he longs for you to come,
And shew my Fate in milder Wars at home.

Ah! once unhappy *Priam* two could boast
 Himself the Father of a Warlike Host,
 When fifty Sons secur'd him in his Throne;
 Ah! once he lov'd! now *Priam's* left alone.
 The chance of War has snatch'd them most from
 hence,
 And him that was my City's chief defence,
 Preserv'd my Sons and Me, (*Hector* in vain
 Fought in his Country's Cause) thy Sword hath
 slain;
 For his dear sake I come amongst my Foes,
 And venture all that hatred can oppose:
 These gifts must purchase *Hector*,—still malicious
 Fate!
 Inestimable *Hector* bought at such a rate!
 But God-like Sir, revere the Pow'rs on high;
 And shew what we must do, when you ascend
 the sky:
 Think on your aged Sire, and pity me,
 Thrust on all evils by my misery:
 None sure was so unfortunate before,
 I kiss the hand stain'd in my *Hector's* gore.

A LETTER from one in the University to his Friend in the Country.

I Often have admir'd dear Friend, why we
Of all Mankind should so unhappy be,
We've all that Liberal Nature ever sent,
Or Art, to perfect Nature cou'd invent ;
We have—what have we not ? yet all our Joys
Are paul'd, and something still our blifs destroys;
For Woman, that first damnd us still retains
That faculty, and still augments our pains ;
We're here o'rewhelm'd with a resistless Tide
Of Patches, Paint, Hypocrisie, and Pride.
Yet sure one might have thought (if ought cou'd
be,
This sacred ground might from such Weeds be
free.
But oh ! the richest soil too often breeds
The foulest Venom, and the rankest Weeds ;
Here

Here each proud tawdry thing lays claim to wit,
 And dare to censurè what the Wits have writ;
 But among all this numerous train, there dwells
 Not one whom haughty *Rosaline* excells
 For Wit or Breeding, Gayety or Sense,
 Or ought that you can call impertinence:
 She can *Lucretias* deepest secrets scan,
 And knows each Attome which compose a Man;
 Verst in all Tongues, to every thing pretend,
 Yet scarce can read the Poem she commends;
 By Heav'n, there's not a Plague on Earth so great
 As Womans tongue, back'd with her own conceit;

She loves *Alcans*, and his Sense admires,
 But loaths the dulness of Mechanick Fires;
 Buys off her Husbands Love, that so she might
 With greater gusto meet her Sparks delight:
 At Table she descants on every Word,
 Her talk is all Sir *Harry*, and my Lord;
 Her Pride's her greatest Vertue, and so vain,
 That Nature seem'd to form her for disdain:

Others

Others we have, whose names I'll wave, for
 she

Of all that's vain, is the Epitome.

Thus Sir, you see through what a Hurrican

The bold young Pilot Sails, to be a Man.

S O N G

By the Earl of *Rochester*.

MY dear Mistris has a heart,
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
 When with Love's resistless Art,
 And her eyes she did inflave me ;
 But her Constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my Jealous heart wou'd break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting

Melting Joys about her moves
Killing Pleasures, wounding Blisses,
She can dress her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can Arm with Kisses ;
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all Mankinds wonder ;
But my Jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Poems on several Occasions, by
several hands:

On the Death of the late Earl of Rochester,
By Mrs. A. B.

Mourn, Mourn, ye Muses, all your loss
deplore,
The Young, the Noble *Strephon* is no more.
Yes, yes, he fled quick as departing Light,
And ne're shall rise from Deaths eternal Night,
So rich a Prize the *Stygian* Gods ne're bore,
Such Wit, such Beauty, never grac'd their Shore.
He was but lent this duller World t'improve
In all the charms of Poetry, and Love;
Both were his gift, which freely he bestow'd,
And like a God, dealt to the wond'ring Crowd.
Scorning the little Vanity of Fame,
Spight of himself attain'd a Glorious name.

But

But oh! in vain was all his peevish Pride,
 The Sun as soon might his vast Lustre hide,
 As piercing, pointed, and more lasting bright,
 As suffering no vicissitudes of Night.

Mourn, Mourn, ye Muses, all your loss deplore,

The Young, the Noble *Strephon* is no more.

Now uninspir'd upon your Banks we lye,
 Unless when we wou'd mourn his Elegie ;
 His name's a Genius that wou'd Wit dispense,
 And give the Theme a Soul, the Words a Sense.
 But all fine thought that Ravisht when it spoke,
 With the soft Youth eternal leave has took ;
 Uncommon Wit that did the soul o'recome,
 Is buried all in *Strephon's* Worship'd Tomb ;
 Satyr has lost its Art, its Sting is gone,
 The Fop and Cully now may be undone ;
 That dear instructing Rage is now allay'd,
 And no sharp Pen dares tell 'em how they've
 stray'd ;

Bold as a God was ev'ry lash he took,
But kind and gentle the chastising stroke.

Mourn, Mourn, ye Youths, whom Fortune has
betray'd,

The last Reproacher of your Vice is dead.

Mourn, all ye Beauties, put your *Cyprus* on,
The truest Swain that e're Ador'd you's gone;
Think how he lov'd, and writ, and sigh'd, and
spoke,

Recall his Meen, his Fashion, and his Look.

By what dear Arts the Soul he did surprize;

Soft as his Voice, and charming as his Eyes:

Bring Garlands all of never-dying Flow'rs,

Bedew'd with everlasting falling Show'rs;

Fix your fair eyes upon your victim'd Slave,

Sent Gay and Young to his untimely Grave.

See where the Noble Swain Extended lies,

Too sad a Triumph of your Victories;

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with all the Graces Heav'n e're lent,
 All that was Great, Soft, Lovely, Excellent
 You've laid into his early Monument.

Mourn, Mourn, ye Beauties, your sad loss deplore,
 The Young, the Charming *Strephon* is no more.

Mourn, all ye little Gods of Love, whose Darts
 Have lost their wonted power of piercing hearts;
 Lay by the gilded Quiver and the Bow,
 The useless Toys can do no Mischief now,
 Those Eyes that all your Arrows points inspir'd,
 Those Lights that gave ye fire are now retir'd,
 Cold as his Tomb, pale as your Mothers Doves;
 Bewail him then oh all ye little Loves,
 For you the humblest Votary have lost
 That ever your Divinities could boast;
 Upon your hands your weeping Heads decline,
 And let your wings encompass round his Shrine;
 In stead of Flow'rs your broken Arrows strow,
 And at his feet lay the neglected Bow.

Mourn, all ye little Gods, your loss deplore,
 The soft, the Charming *Strephon* is no more.

Larg

Large was his Fame, but short his Glorious
Race,

Like young *Lucretius* liv'd and dy'd apace.

So early Roles fade, so over all

They cast their fragrant scents, then softly fall,

While all the scatter'd perfum'd leaves declare,

How lovely 'twas when whole, how sweet, how
fair.

Had he been to the *Roman* Empire known,

When great *Augustus* fill'd the peaceful Throne ;

Had he the noble wond'rous Poet seen,

And known his Genius, and survey'd his Meen,

(When Wits, and Heroes grac'd Divine abodes,)

He had increas'd the number of their Gods ;

The Royal Judge had Temples rear'd to's name,

And made him as Immortal as his Fame ;

In Love and Verse his *Ovid* he'd out-done,

And all his Laurels, and his *Julia* won.

Mourn, Mourn, unhappy World, his loss deplore,

The great, the charming *Strepson* is no more.

The Fifth Metre in the first Book
of *Boetius*, done in 1680. on
occasion of the present confu-
sion. By Mr. *E. A.*

GREAT Ruler of the Glorious World above,
Who seated high in thy Eternal Throne,
Dost Heav'n around in rapid Courses move,
And mak'st the Stars thy vast Dominion own.
Thou send'st the Moon array'd in borrow'd Light,
To banish Terror from the dismal Night;
And when its lessen'd Orb is in its Wane,
Fill'st with fresh Beams the empty space again;
Yet lets her not usurp her Brothers sway,
But in its course restor'st the welcome day.
The welcome Day, which cheers our longing
sight,
And shames the baffl'd Glory of the Night.

To thee the year its various seasons owes,
 Thou their successions wisely dost dispose;
 In Winters Cold thou dost contract the Light,
 And from short toils to long repose invite.
 But dost in Summers heat reprise the day,
 And kindly all its borrow'd time repay.
 Now gentle *Zephyrs* to the trees restore
 What the rude *Boreas* robb'd 'em of before,
 And Seeds which once *Arcturus* did behold
 Buried in the ridges of the furrow'd Mould,
 Now finds a joyful Resurrection thence,
 Quick'ned by *Sirius* ripening Influence;
 Thy work leaves nothing to mistake its way,
 But by their Ancient rule dost all things sway.

Yet while for meaner things thy care is shown,
 That blessing is deny'd to Man alone;
 Why should inconsistent Fortune else create,
 Such various alterations in his State?
 Why should the torments, for the guilty meant,
 Be made the portion of the Innocent?

While they whose Crimes and guilt deserve Dis-
grace

Triumph o're Vertue, and usurp its place.
The forsworn wretch thrives by his Perjurs,
And Fraud succeeds varnish'd with splendid lyes,
And when 'tis pleas'd to exercise its Powers,
It ruins Princes whom the World adores.

Oh thou whose Power to every thing gives
birth,

Regard at last the miserable Earth;
Man, no mean part of thy great work, is tost
In a rough Sea of Fate, and almost lost,
Oh lay the rising Waves, and noisy wind,
And in thy Care let Man a Harbour find;
Let Earth with Heaven participate thy Love,
And rule below propitious as above,

The Seventh Metre in the first
Book of *Boetius*. By Mr. *E. A.*

THe Stars whose splendor gilds the Skys,
No Beauty can disclose,
When e're between them and our Eyes
Clouds rudely interpose.

When the rough wind without controul,
O're the swoln Ocean raves,
Whose Blasts the mounting Billows rowl,
And tofs the foaming Waves.

The Christal Flood which was before
(Clear, as serenest days,
Troubl'd and Muddy now, no more
That Excellence displays.

The River which from lofty Hills,
With easie motion flows,
Oft meets with Stones born down its Rills,
Which its due Course oppose.

With a clear and faithful Light,
Thou Truth desir'st to see,
And of all ways wouldst choose the right,
From baneful Error Free ;

Drive all false pleasures from thy Breast,
Banish all idle fear,
And be not with vain hope possess'd,
Nor yield to sad despair.

For where those Tyrant Passions Reign,
They so inflave the mind,
No Prisoner wears a heavier Chain,
No Captive more confin'd.

The Complaint.

A S O N G

To a new *Scotch* Tune of *Mr. Farmers*,
By *Mr. T. O.*

I Love, I dote, I rave with pain,
No quiet's in my mind,
Tho ne're cou'd be a happy Swain,
Were *Sylvia* less unkind.
For when, as long her Chains I've worn,
I ask relief from smart,
She only gives me looks of Scorn;
Alas 'twill break my heart.
My Rival's rich in Worldly Store,
May offer heaps of Gold,
But surely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be sold;

Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize,
 For Wealth and not Desert,
 And my poor sighs and tears despise ;
 Alas, 'twill break my heart.

When like some panting hov'ring Dove,
 I for my Bliss contend,
 And plead the Cause of eager Love,
 She coldly calls me Friend ;
 Ah *Sylvia*! thus in vain you strive,
 To act a Healers part,
 'Twill keep but lingring pain alive ;
 Alas ! and break my heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed,
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hope to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning Breast ;
 Her Cruelty all ease denies,
 With some sad Dream I start,
 All drown'd in tears I find my Eyes,
 And breaking feel my heart.

Then

Then rising, through the Path I rove,
 That leads me where she dwells,
 Where to the senseless Waves my Love,
 Its Mournful story tells;
 With sighs I dew and kiss the Door,
 Till Morning bids depart,
 Then vent ten thousand sighs and more;
 Alas 'twill break my heart.

But *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,
 And I am dead and cold,
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told;
 For ev'ry lovely generous Maid,
 Will take my injur'd part,
 And curse thee *Sylvia* I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor heart.

Against

Against DUELLING.

By Mr. *H. C.* of *Kings* Colledge.

Forgive him, no, no Damn me if I do,
I'll be reveng'd, and that the World shall
know ;

May I be Damn'd to all Eternity
If e'er I put it up ; what, take the Lye ?
Fool, Coward too, and do I wear a Sword ?
His Life shall dearly pay for that proud word :
My self, my friend abus'd, my Mistris too ;
And lives the Man that dares provoke me so ?
His Blood for satisfaction I will have,
To my revenge I'll Sacrifice the Slave.
But if the Fates unjust, my Fall decree,
And I thus injur'd, unreveng'd must die,
'Twill please my angry Ghost, to have it sed,
He bravely fell: he fell in Honour's Bed.

Alas

Alas, vain Man, he thinks not there's a Hell
 For him who on that Bed of Honour fell.
 False notions did his erring sense deceive,
 He knew not that tis nobler to forgive
 Than poorly to revenge; for only Man
 Sould bear Affronts, a Worm will turn again;
 This Devilish Custom first from *France* was
 brought,
France that instructs in ev'ry thing that's naught,
 From thence we lov'd and drest, from thence we
 taught:

Oh that we wou'd at last become more wise,
 That we would scorn this mean unmanly Vice,
 That no more generous blood might here be spilt,
 The Nation's Scandal, and the Victor's Guilt.
 If we'd be brave, let's make our Vallour known
 Against our Countrys Foes, and not our own.
 'Twas by this nobler Art that heretofore,
 Our ancient Britains rose to so much pow'r;
 That they did to that envi'd greatness come,
 So fear'd abroad, and so belov'd at home;

Had Blood for ev'ry slight affront been shed,
There scarce had now been left a Man to bleed.

The Parting: By Mr. T. B.

AS *Damon* that unhappy Swain,
Was forc'd away from the *Arcadian* Plain,
Clasping his dear *Amyntas* in his Arms,
And lost among the throng of Charms,
With much adoe

He cry'd——Adieu.

And sigh'd and wept, and so went sadly on:
Oh!—will you think of *Damon* when he's gone?

Think how he fate by yonder Hill,
Think how he pip'd, and be you merry still;
Then wou'd we languish on each others Face,
Then wou'd we smile and then imbrace;

Our Lambs have gaz'd,
And stood amaz'd,

To see this pitch of Love; for living thus
Our very Flocks learnt Innocence of us.

Oh!

Oh! my *Amyntas* must we part,
 How shall I do to live without my heart!
 But bus'ness—cruel bus'ness—what can hold?

That Wolf will break into our Fold,

And mar our blessed State

In humane Fate

Whom do thy thread, to such ill fortune bind,
 The Body flies and leaves the Soul behind.

Out of *Ovid's Amours*: BOOK 3.
 ELEGY 3.

On his *Perjur'd Mistress*. By Mr. H.C. of K.C.

Not I, I'll never, never entertain
 Belief of an Almighty Pow'r again;
 Never perswade me to't: *Corina* swore
 And perjur'd is, yet lovely as before;
 Still each resistless Charm, still ev'ry Grace
 Smiles with commanding sweetness in her face,
 She's fair, as when all Innocent she was.

No

While fious Beauty's in it self secure,
 They all affronts can from the fair indure ;
 High Tow'rs and Groves *Jove* with his Thunder
 tears,

But Woman! lovely Perjur'd Woman spares.
 Who then will Incence on your Altars burn?
 Sure braver Man will the base Office scorn.

But why reproach I thus the blest above?
 The Gods have eyes and hearts, the Gods may
 love;

Were I my self a God, deceiv'd I'd be,
 And wink, or smile on Womans Perjury.
 By my self would Swear, (a Sacred Oath)
 Whatever Woman Swore, was sacred truth;
 I'd still be kind, and scorn it thou'lt be said
 Of me, — he was a rude ill-natur'd God.

Thus Madam you may Reign; yet gently Reign,
 And as you cause, so cure the Wretched's Pain.

On

On Flowers in a Ladies Bosom,
By T. B.

BEhold the promis'd Land where Pleasure
flows,

See how the Milk-white Hills do gently rise,

And beat the silken Skies;

Behold the Valley spread with flow'r's below,

Other discoveries Fate let me not share,

As I find out may I Inhabit there.

The happy Flow'rs, how they allure my sense,

The fairer soil gives 'em the noble hew;

Her Breath Perfumes 'em too;

Rooted i'th' heart they seem to spring from
thence;

Tell, tell me why thou fruitful Virgin Breast,

Why shou'd so good a soil lye unpossess'd?

Surely

Surely some Champion in the Cause of Love
Has languish'd here—more weary with the sight,

Then vanquish'd quite ;

While the soft God took pity from above,
And thinking to reward his Service well,
Bid him grow there where he so nobly fell.

So when the longing *Cytherea* found
The Murder'd Boy, who long deceiv'd her
eyes

Under a Flow'rs disguise,

And pluck'd the curious Posie from the ground ;
Fair *Cytherea's* Bosom look'd like this,
So blush'd *Adonis* in the seat of Bliss.

F S O N G

S O N G,

Made by an Old Man, to Lady F.

AH! fly me not bright Creature, stay;
Destroy not what you do create;
Your Beauty's Pow'r will change my Grey,
And make me young, and Fortunate,
Almighty Love that Error will destroy,
That Age is past the tast of pleasing Joy :

'Tis true, an outward Frost appears,
But Youthful Flames are in my Heart,
Love can recall the Lovers years,
And new create his every part,
Love equally inspires the Old and Young,
Preserves Gay Youth, and makes the Aged strong.

On the DUKE of GRAFTON,
Upon the first Night of Bedding his
LADY.

HArk, hark, great Love does give the
Alarms;

Arise brave Youth, to Arms, to Arms,
See where *Clarinda* does appear!

For the blest combat then prepare;

Let Love, the Monarch of the Soul

All that is rough and fierce controul.

Prepare your self for Joys, where both shall be
Each other's Victor by Love's Extasie.

Let others in the Field prepare,
With Armour 'gainst the harms of War,
Who only empty Honours gain,
Reaping their Glories from the Slain:
With Blood and Wounds they Fame create,
And Savage Murders make 'em great.

From Fear, not Vallor, do their Glories rise,
 Who poorly boast of Fame when th' Gonquer'd
 dies.

But Love's soft Wars more Noble are,
 A wounded heart's the only scar,
 Which with full Joys they still receive,
 And blest those eyes the charming Mischiefs give.
 Instead of Rage, young Love inspires
 His Combatants with soft desires,
 With which he oft, Rallies, renews the Fray,
 And he's the Conqueror that has lost the day.

S O N G,

By the Earl of *Dorset*.

Let the Ambitious favour find,
 In Courts and empty noise,
 Whilst greater Love does fill my mind
 With silent real Joy.

Let Fools and Knaves grow Rich and Great,
 And the World think 'em Wise,
 Whilst I lie dying at her feet,
 And all that World despise:

Let Conquering Kings new Trophies raise,
 And melt in Court delights,
 Her Eyes can give me brighter days,
 Her Arms much softer nights:

S O N G,

Made by Mrs. *Taylor*.

YE Virgin Powr's defend my heart
 From Amorous looks and smiles,
 From sawcy Love, or nicer Art
 Which most our Sex beguile;

For Sighs, and Vows, from awful fears
 That do to Pity move,
 From speaking silence, and from Tears,
 Those Springs that Water Love,

But if through Passion I grow blind,
 Let Honour be my guide.
 And where frail Nature seems inclin'd,
 There fix a guard of Pride.

A heart whose Flames are seen tho pure,
 Needs every Vertues aid,
 And those who think themselves secure,
 The soonest are betray'd.

TO MERTILL who desired her
to speak to CLORINDA of
his Love. By Mrs. Taylor.

MERTILL Though my heart should
break,

In granting thy desire,
To cold *Clorinda* I will speak,
And warm her, with my fire.

To save thee from approaching harm,
My Death I will obey.

To save thee, sinking in the Storm,
I'll cast my self away.

May her Charms equal those of thine !

No words can e're express,
And let her Love be great as mine,
Which thee wou'd only bless.

May you still prove her faithful slave,
 And she so kind and true,
 She nothing may desire to have,
 Or fear to Lose,—but you.

S O N G,
 By Mrs. *Taylor*.

STREPHON has Fashion, Wit and
 Youth,
 With all things else that please,
 He nothing wants but Love and Truth,
 To ruine me with ease.
 But he is flint, and bears the Art,
 To kindle strong desire,
 His pow'r inflames another's heart,
 Yet he ne'er feels the fire.

Alas, it does my Soul perplex,
 When I his charms recall;
 To think he should despise the Sex,
 Or what's worse, love 'em all;
 My wearied heart, like *Noah's Dove*,
 In vain may seek for rest,
 Finding no hope to fix my Love,
 Returns into my Breast.

A Letter to Mr. *Creech* at *Oxford*, Written
 in the last great Frost.

D *Aphnis*, because I am your debtor,
 (And other causes which are better)
 I send you here my debt of Letter.
 You shou'd have had a scrap of Nonsense,
 You may remember left at *Tonsons*.
 (Tho by the way that's scurvy Rhime Sir,
 But yet 'twill serve to Tagg a Line Sir.)

A Billet Doux I had design'd then,
 But you may think I was in Wine then;
 Because it being cold, you know
 We warm'd it with a Glas—or so,
 I grant you that Shie Wine's the Devil,
 To make ones memory uncivil;
 But when 'twixt every sparkling Cup,
 I so much brisker Wit took up;
 Wit, able to inspire a thinking;
 And make one solemn even in Drinking;
 Wit that would charm and stock a Poet,
 Even instruct——who has no Wit;
 Wit that was hearty, true, and Loyal,
 Of Wit, like Bays Sir, that's my Tryal;
 I say 'twas most impossible,
 That after that one should be dull.
 Therefore because you may not blame me,
 Take the whole Truth as——shall sa'me.

From *White-Hall* Sir, as I was coming,
 His Sacred Majesty from Dunning;

Who oft in Debt is, truth to tell,
 For Tory Farce, or Doggerell,
 When every Street as dangerous was,
 As ever the *Alpian* Hills to pass.
 When melted Snow and Ice confound one,
 Whether to break ones neck or drown one,
 And *Billet Deux* in Pocket lay,
 To drop as Coach shou'd Jolt that way,
 Near to that place of Fame call'd Temple,
 (Which I shall note by sad Example)
 Where Colledg Dunce is cur'd of Simple,
 Against that Sign of Whore call'd Scarlet,
 My Coachman fairly laid Pilgarlick.

}

Tho Scribling Fift was out of joynt,
 And ev'ry Limb made great complaint;
 Yet missing the dear Affignation,
 Gave me most cause of Tribulation.
 To Honest H—le I shou'd have shewn ye,
 A Wit that wou'd be proud t'have known ye;
 A Wit uncommon, and Facetious,
 A great admirer of *Lucretius*;

Who

But

But transitory hopes do vary,
 And high Designments oft miscarry,
 Ambition never climb'd so lofty,
 But may descend too fair and softly,
 But would you'd seen how sneakingly
 I look'd with this Catastrophe.
 So sawcy Whigg, when Plot broke out,
 Dejected hung his sniv'ling snout ;
 So *Oxford* Member look'd, when *Rowley*
 Kickt out the Rebel Crew so foully ;
 So *Perkin* once that God of Wapping,
 Whom slippery turn of State took napping,
 From hopes of *James* the second fell
 In to the native Scoundereil.
 So Lover look'd of Joy defeated,
 When too much fire his Vigour cheated,
 Even so look'd I, when Bliss depriving,
 Was caus'd by over-hasty driving,
 Who saw me could not chuse but think,
 I look'd like Brawn in fowling drink.

Or *Lazarello* who was show'd
For a strange Fish, to'th' gaping Crowd.

Thus you by fate (to me, Sinister,
At Shop of Book my Billet mist Sir.
And home I went as discontent,
A new routed Parliament,
Not seeing *Daphnis* ere he went.
And sure his grief beyond expressing,
Of Joy propos'd to want the Blessing ;
Therefore to Pardon pray incline,
Since disappointment all was mine ;
Of Hell we have no other notion,
Than all the Joys of Heav'ns privation ;
So Sir with Recommendments fervent,
I rest your very humble Servant.

}

A

POSTSCRIPT:

P O S T C R I P T.

ON Twelfth night Sir, by that good token,
 When lamentable Cake was broken,
 You had a Friend, a Man of Wit,
 A Man whom I shall ne're forget ;
 For every word he did impart,
 'Twas worth the keeping in a heart :
 True Tory all ! and when he spoke,
 A God in Wit, tho Man in look.
 —To this your Friend—*Daphnis* address
 The humblest of my Services ;
 Tell him how much—yet do not too,
 My vast esteem no words can shew ;
 Tell him—that he is worthy—you.

In praise of FOLLY.

By Mr. R. A.

HAppy the Man whose friendly want of
Wit

Makes him for all things but contempt unfit.

Regardless of the burthen of the State,

He laughs at all who toil beneath its weight ;

Whose Light, untroubled head does still impart

A sympathetick briskness to the heart ;

No Politick designs disturb his rest,

For thoughts are strangers to his peaceful breast ;

He acts whatever with his Will agrees,

And fears no Ill, because he none foresees ;

In the worst times he needs no more defence,

Than his own native harmless Innocence ;

In He never under a suspicion lies,

The Fate of all who are reputed wise ;

His

His feet and tongue from all restraint are free,
 For there's no danger in their Liberty;
 Nature, at least, made him with this intent,
 That he should do no Ill what e're he meant;
 But he means none, nor uses any Art,
 But in his words and actions shews his heart;
 Through which his most reserv'd designs appear,
 As Stones throw Rivers that run low and clear.
 So safe he is, that wise men to escape
 Some threatned Mischiefs, have assum'd his shape;
 Admit some term him what he is, a fool,
 And strive to turn him into ridicule;
 Yet he in this the wise man's part does play,
 And laughs at his own Follies more than they;
 Nor can his want of wit disturb his mind,
 Since 'tis a want that he can never find.
 For as the Ape no other form desires,
 So much her own she above all desires,
 So he requires no wit, to make him wise,
 His very Folly that defect supplys.

And, as the Fish, that having hid her head
 Sees not her self, does no espial dread,
 So he who is to his own failings blind,
 Ne'r apprehends the World should any find;
 Bless'd *Adam* thus before His Fig-leaf Dress,
 Saw nought to blush at in his Nakedness;
 But when alas! he knowing grew, and wise,
 He soon became a Nuisance to his eyes;
 For Ignorance like Steel Mirrors represents
 What pleases, but conceals what discontents;
 While knowledg like the clear and flattering
 Glas,
 Shews all the imperfections of the Face.
 And as by Studying we only know,
 How great a part o' th' World we're strangers
 too;
 So still the more in knowledge we advance,
 We but the more perceive our Ignorance;
 Hence 'tis that Fools have Fortune and Success,
 While men of Wit and Parts find nothing less;

For they consider what is fit to speak,
 Before they dare their awful silence break,
 While the brisk Fop, just as Phanaticks Pray,
 Talks most and loudest, that has least to say,
 And with the Vulgar, by a lucky hit,
 This passes for a Zealot, that a Wit.

Hence then my Books obstructers of my rise,
 Should I converse with you, I should grow wise;
 But I'll not so long for preferment stay,
 Since there's a nearer, and a surer way;
 I'll be as empty as the shallow st Pate,
 And then perhaps shall be as Fortunate;
 Then I may Houses build, and Castles rear,
 While wiser Men have none but in the Air;
 At least I shall not undergo their Fate,
 For sawcy meddling in Affairs of State,
 Be fixt the Traitors scarecrow on the Gate.
 Oh that at last these busie men would cease,
 With Factionous Politicks to disturb our Peace!

That they no more would boldly and aloud,
 With needless fears possess the heedless Crowd;
 No more cajole their Sovereign, nor pretend
 To wish his life, while they contrive his end;
 Nor rudely pry, into his Royal Brothers mind,
 A secret too divine for them to find;
 For Princes thoughts like Heav'n's reserv'd de-
 crees,
 Are too sublime for Vulgar scrutinies.
 But if the wholsom Physick of advice,
 Cannot prevent the Ills of being too wise,
 And they'll Plot on—may Heav'n and *Charles*
 think fit,
 To exalt their heads, for their pernicious Wit.

Friendship. By Mr. T. B.

Happy the brace of Souls that do
conspire

Against those Tyrants, Body, and Desire;
Chaste as unthinking Virgins, pure as Vestal Fire.
Of Noble Elemental Flames they'r made,
To nothing gross, to nothing mean betray'd;
They give out Men, but Angels are in Masquerade.

The Forms of Heavy Matter they despise,
In contemplation all their pleasure lies,
Themselves they seek, and their own Country of
the Skies.

Together yoakt, so would two Turtles move,
And draw the Chariot of unblemisht Love;
So would they Bill and Choo, until they roost
above.

But let our Frolick Prodigals o'th' Gown,
Dive for the Tawdry Petticoat alone,
And wast Gods Image, to make others of their own.
Let

Let their foul Consciences be written Ill,
 Blotted with Woman, and her Peevish Will,
 Let Am'rous Charms be there in Devilish Chara-
 cters still.

The Noblest Nature gave us, she shall find
 Free from the many frailties of Mankind;
 My friend and I will sweetly guide each others
 mind.

We'll walk, and treat upon some calm delight,
 We'll neither wrangle about wrong or right,
 Quiet shall rule the Day, and Innocence the
 Night.

And then poor Fortune, what will be thy
 share?

Alas! how small an Empire must thou bear,
 When we divide each joy, and lessen every care.

Thus liv'd methinks those happy Youths o-
 yore,

Thus *Pilades* embrac'd his friend before,
 And thus, thus warm'd *Orestes* melts and loves the
 more.

A S O N G
By Sir G. Etheridg.

YE happy Swains whose hearts are free,
From Loves Imperial Chain,
Take warning and be taught by me,
T'avoid th'enchanted Pain;
Fatal the Wolves to trembling Flocks,
Fierce winds to Blossoms prove,
To careless Sea-men hidden Rocks,
To human quiet Love.

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss you prize,
The Snake's beneath the Flow'r,
Who ever gaz'd on Beautous Eyes,
That tasted quiet more?
How Faithless is the Lovers Joy!
How constant is their Care!
The Kind with Falshood do destroy,
The Cruel with Despair,

T O
A S T R E A
O N H E R
P O E M S.

FOr once kind Heav'n, permit me to lay
by
The Sacred Badges of Divinity;
And you blest *Heroine* for once admit
A Country Curate, to admire your Wit.
Tho it be very Antick I confess,
For one t'appear in a Poetick Dress;
Whose hard misfortune 'tis (alas!) to keep
Only with Clod-pate Souls who talk of Sheep.

Yet e'en the Gods the Woods would sometimes
brook

Sometimes the Mighty *Charles* a Shelter took,
Like the old Druids in a Sacred Oak.

And the blest Swains of old with charming
Verse,

Could reach all heights and wondrous things re-
hearse :

Nor doubt we but to see those days again,
When a brisk fire shall actuate ev'ry Swain,
And Rusticks be inspir'd like other Men.

The bright *Asirea's* pow'rful influence,
Shall make fat Clowns Immortal Bards com-
mence,

Charm'd by her mighty numbers into sense.

With fewer Charms of old a *Thracian* Lyre,

Did the rude World with peaceful thoughts in-
spire ;

Whole Herds of Men, and Savage Beasts grew
tame,

And Profelytes to his vast Muse became.

But

But *England* has a nobler task for you,
 Not to tame Beasts but the brute Whigs sub-
 due,

A thing which yet the Pulpit cou'd not do.

Your Satyr must the Factious Age reclaim,
 To see their Follies and confess their Shame;

But ah! by Fate, they're to a damned case,
 The senseless Fops are past all Shame or Grace,

With frontless Impudence pretending Wit,

The Slaves dare think that noble Mark they hit,
 When they like *Baxter* Prose, and Verse like
 S—write,

S—the Master of the *Holborn* Choir,

One, whom no Muse but hunger does inspire;

The Starving Crambo Poet of the Town,

Whose wit ne'r reach'd above a dull Lampoon;

The Prince of those that write in Dogrell Rhimes,

S—the Reverend *Sternhold* of the times.

Behold ye Whigs the Laurell only grows

And flourishes on Loyal Tory Brows.

Whilst

Whilst your Pretensions to be Wits are sham'd,
And all your Poets to the Hell of Nonsense
damn'd.

When such dull Slaves such mighty Fabricks
show

As we see, bless'd *Astrea* rais'd by you,
I'll e'n believe the World was made by Chance,
The Product of unthinking Atoms dance ;
While they thro' the unmeasur'd Vacuum came,
And boxt themselves into this Beauteous frame,
'Twas Divine Pow'r that made all those combine
To raise this Pile ; and it was wit divine
Could form such mighty Verse, great Nymph
'twas only thine.

And now let the fond Catholicks adore,
And vainly their deaf tutelar Saints implore ;
Let 'em raise Temples to preserve their name,
While we build Altars to *Astrea's* Fame :
Triumphant Nymph ! no other Saint shall know
The wing'd Passions of our Souls, but you,
While we are Bards, or Lovers Militant below.

Divine *Afirea*! Pardon this bold flight,

I'd fain a Lover be, and fain a Wit;

But Providence it seems design'd t'immure

Maspiring soul in a poor Country Cure;

Where I on Men in vain may spend my toil,

Dull as their heart, but far more barren than
their soil;

Capritious Clowns, whose surly humours crost,

'Tis ten to one my Sunday's Pudding's lost.

Jan. 9.
1684.

Old

England:
OR
New A D V I C E
T O A
PAINTER.
A P O E M.

——— *Quis iniqua*
Tam patiens Urbis tam ferreus ut teneat se?

Come Painter, you and I, you know, dare do
What our Licentious fancy leads us to,
Talk is but talk, let Court and Country see,
None has such Arbitrary Pow'r as we.

Let Th

Let's club then for a Piece to hit the times,
 While your Poetic Paint sets off my Rhimes;
 Old *England* for the Love of Vertue draw,
 Hold, nor our Brazen-fac'd *Britannica*;
 Let *Agin* Court present a Warlike Scene,
Albeville Ford, or the fam'd *Cressy's* Plain;
 Let the Black Prince his *Englisb* Flag advance,
 Or let Fifth *Harry* March o're Conquer'd *France*;
 Shew me those Sons of *Mars*, for I'm affraid
 Their Race is lost; their Vallor quite decay'd.
 Give the just Lines, and the proportion fit,
 None but a Hero for this Piece can fit.

Hold Painter, hold, thy forward hand does
 run

Beyond advice, what is it thou hast done?
 What Crowds of Pimps and Parasites are here!
 Ha! what a Politick Fop drinks *Coffee* there!
 See how th' Apostate plys his Trait'rous Text,
 The Gospel wrackt, and Church-Historians vex;
 Look, look, the Sovereign People here dispense
 The Laws of Empire, to an absolute Prince;

Their

Their Will is Law Divine, themselves being
own'd

To the Almighty in the Spiritual Fund;
Religious Rogues! new Light, new Worship
teach,

Some St. *Teresa*, some St. *Beckman* Preach;
Your very Prophets here hang between both,
'Twixt God and *Baal*, I and *Astaroth*;
Your Feather'd Buff is valiant but to fight,
Clodius within, or his soft Catamite:

But your promiscuous Rout, at Change o'th
Moon

Are *Tory*, *Trimmer*, *Whigg*, Fool, Knave, Buff-
foons;

Unhappy Isle! who thus can view thy face,
And not lament thy base degenerate Race?

Those Lines of Majesty that *Europe* Aw'd,
Now throws a Cast-off Mife, late turn'd to Bawd;
'Twas not from hence those Worthies fill'd their
Veins,

That led at once two Potent Kings in Chains;

That crop'd the Flow'r-de luce with greater
Pride,

Than ever *Tarquin* Switch a *Poppy's* head ;

Made *Lyon* Rampant Couch , that long did
Reign,

The *Pride* o'th Wood, and Terror of the Plain ;

Brought *Cyprus* King a willing Captive here,

While *Britain* did another World appear ;

Gave Laws to all the Land and then with ease,

Led their Triumphant Flag o're all the Seas :

Curse on that Man of Mode, who with his Wine
Debauch'd and so debas'd the *British* Line.

Turn thy Stile Painter, let one gracious Blot,

Hide all that's stain'd with Zealot, Villain, Scot.

Try thy skill once again, *England* Alas !

Draw as it is, if't can't be as it was.

First let Confusion her dear self display,

To whom th' unthinking Croud Obedience pay ;

Next Horror, who the flying Standard bears,

Deckt with this Motto, *Jealousies* and *Fears* ;

Here let the Rabble in Allegiance meet,

With

With Lives and Fortunes at their Idols feet :
 Arm every Brigadier with Sacred Sword,
 Inscríb'd, *Come Fight the Battel of the Lord :*
 Let Trumpets now proclaim immortal hate,
 Against all Order in the Church and State.
 Shew not the Victim, that did lately fall
 By Fool or Rogues, the Sons of Belial.
 But let a Curtain of black Murder hide,
 Till Time, or kinder Fate shall draw't aside.
 Hast ye Infernal Pow'rs from your dark Cell,
 Pour out the Viols that were fill'd in Hell ;
 The Plagues of the *Black Box* the World invade
 Fathers by their unnatural Sons betray'd.
 When thus the Kingdom's by Confusion rent
 Let Youths of *Gotham* steer the Government
 By kind Address, or wise Petition sent.
 Here Painter let the Royal Eagle fly,
 In State through her Dominions of the Skie;
 Let all the Feather'd Legions of her Train,
 March at a distance o're th' Etherial Plain;

Some few through Zeal too near their Sovereign
press,

Offending by a plausible Address ;

Others their grievances aloud declare,

Filling with Cries each Region of the Air,

The Tyrant does her Innocent Subjects tear.

Let still the Mighty Monarch Steer her way,

Regardless what or those, or these can say ;

Her Divine prudence and abounded skill

Will make all happy, tho' against their will.

Now let the Moral to this Fable say,

Let none presume to rule, who shou'd obey,

Yet if all Err let's Err the safer way.

Indentures give no right to shake a Throne,

Nor must profane hands stay a tott'ring one ;

In vain does *Cæsar* vindicate the Seas,

That Men may Traffique to what Coast they
please ;

If Universal Mart thus proudly brag,

That the Court-Sails must lower to City-Flag.

If large concessions from Successive Kings,
 Be such desirable such pow'rful things ;
 Pity that e're to Cities they were made,
 Whose Charter dares Prerogative invade.
 Sure gratitude is but an empty name,
 Or Pow'r wou'd guard that hand from whence it
 came,

The Coffee-Drums beat Priviledge aloud,
 While Duty is not heard among the Crowd.

The Law, whose Influence is kind to all,
 Admits distinctions when a Saint shou'd fall,
 Then *Magna Charta* is *Apocryphal*. }

Poor Loyal Hearts they Plot no other thing,
 Than first to save, then make a Glorious King.
 Yet against Evil Counsellors, I hope,
 Force may be us'd, and so against the Pope ;
 That was the word, when once, for public good,
 Three Kingdoms Innocently flow'd in Blood ;
 So Felons when pursu'd, stop Thief they cry,
 And by that Stratagem they safely fly.

Read well these Men, you'll find for many years,
Who *Cæsar's* favor wants, is sure of theirs.

Who flies disgrac'd from Court, here popular
grows,

And still where *Cæsar* frowns the City bows;

The blackest Traytors here a refuge find,

For City-Painters ne're draw Justice blind.

Now cross thy self my Dear, for now is come

Sir *Pacolet* with his Advice from *Rome*;

Saddle a Broom-staff, tie it to his side,

For now 'tis nothing but get up and ride;

Yet if that Nagg don't *Pacolet* besit,

Paint *Pegasus*, for *Pacolet* aims at Wit;

Through all the liquid plains o'th' Air he flies,

And dances a Coranto 'bove the Skies;

His Racer does out-strip the Eastern Wind,

And leaves the Horses of the Sun behind;

Swifter than Thought, from *Tyber* he's at *Thames*,

Good Lord! what Castles of the Air he names,

What vast discoveries, does he there discry,

Unseen by all but *Salamanca's* Eye!

What Lady's there distress'd, what Knight's in wall
 Lockt up, yet *Pacolet* still frees 'em all ;
 Talk not of *Rome's Zamzumms* ; he no more
 Will make of them, than *Bellarmino* before.
 Windmills, and Castles in the Air must down,
Quickst and *Hudibras* here meet in one.
 Is one Romantick Hero not enough ?
 Joyn *Protestanti*, *Cardinalo-Puffe* ;
 These lead in Chains that Pagan Priest, that first
 Liven'd Surplice, ever since accurst ;
 For Pagan Priest of old, wore Vests of white :
Ergo the Surplice is a Pagan Rite.
 By the same Logick they might thus infer ;
 Pagans built Temples, Offer'd Praise and Pray'r :
Ergo Prayer, Praise, and Temples, Pagan are. }
 Good God ! that such unthinking things as these
 Should once pretend to write, and writing
 please !
 Some little use might of their Books be made,
 If *Swiffield* Fires they duly had display'd ;

If they'd expos'd, by telling Miracles
 Of Legendary Saints, in noſty Cells;
 Had their impartial Writings rendred plain
Mariana's Politicks, and *Mary's* Reign:
 Had they in point of Doctrine Errors ſhew'd,
 Idolatry in point of Worſhip, good:
 But againſt *Rome* while they proclaim their War,
 The Church of *England* does their Fury bear;
 She wears the Mark o'th' Beaſt upon her Seal,
 For *Titus* does as well as *John* Reveal.
 Sir *Pacole*t now boaſt, that the Holy fire
 In all our Candleſticks does e'n expire;
 Hence thou Profane, thoſe are above thy reach,
 Why ſhou'd one Damn'd to th' Cart preſume
 Preach?
 Solicit on, for ſome ignoble Fee,
 For I know *Simon*, *Simon* too knows me.
 Come Painter, to th' Crowd this thing un
 ſhew,
 And to Saint *Packole*t let *London* Bow.

Yet let a Loyal Prator sway the Sword,
 That's never rais'd but to exalt its Lord ;
 Happy to future Ages be his name,
 And may it sound from all the Trumps of Fame ;
 No popular Breath can Steer his prosp'rous
 Sails,
 No Bribes of Zealous Gold do's turn his Scales ;
 He sits like Justice in his Chair of State,
 Weighing the Cities, and the Kingdoms fate, }
 So is the Realm of *London* swoln of late.
 To th' height of Glory justly he aspires,
 Thrice happy is the Knight, not so his Squires ;
 They with a diff'rent Zeal from his do burn,
 And to the Faction would the Ballance turn ;
 No Care to Duty or Allegiance had,
 Yet One is more unfortunate than bad :
 So meek his Meen, so circumspectly low,
 That he has taught his very Horse to bow ;
 Yields to the Church, conforms to all her Laws,
 Yet still embarques in the Dissenters Cause ;

To *Roman* Idols he'll ne'r say his Beads,

Yet if mistaken Zeal this Vot'ry leads,

He'll split upon the very Rock he dreads :

His Tongue speaks naked Swords, his Passion
flames,

Not to be quench'd by all the Floods of *Thames* ;

But yet that Tongue that once had felt the smart,

Holds no great correspondence with his heart :

He from himself does strangely disagree,

Lives not that thing he takes himself to be ;

His Goodly Fabrick has been long possess'd,

And wants the help of some kind Exorcist ;

Clear is his Soul from all this Clamorous Din,

'Tis some Fanatick Demon raves within ;

T'other by *Bacchus* well inspir'd, can see

The Mystic Charm of Lawless Prophecy ;

When he is warm with Wine, and drunk with
Zeal,

He'll with an Euoi to his Synagogue reel,

And the indwellings of the Spirit reveal.

From Kings commands, by Drink and Charter
free,

He can distinguish our mixt Monarchy ;
Ill Politicks that Empire can decide,
Between the Sov'reign and the Subjects side.
Nor Pope, nor People do this Scepter sway,
Whate'r the *Leman* Lake or *Tiber* say.

Now Painter draw two Factions both allied
In blood, and ruine, tho they now divide ;
Those make for *Rome*, and brisk Winds fill their
Sails,

These for *Anticyra* with equal gales ;
Both with Fanatick zeal, yet here's the odds,
Those make, then Worship, and then eat their
Gods ;

These Brutish Bigots most unwilling come
To th' God of Heav'n, 'cause he's God of *Rome* ;
With that Devotion to their Chaos bow,
That those to Painted Deities do owe ;
Both Parties boast a Star to lead their Train,
One but of late dropt out of *Charles* his Wane.

Unhappy Prince ! (by *Tapomurfsky* led
 To feed on husks, before thy Fathers Bread !
 Fly to his Arms, he like th' Almighty stands,
 Inviting Penitents with both his hands.
 Let the true Protestant Frogs croak for a King,
 Be not that Block, that despicable thing ;
 Disdain the Sham of an *Utopian* Crown,
 Put on those Laurels you so early won ;
 Let *Cæsar's* lawful Line the Scepter sway,
 Thine is as great a Glory to obey.
 If, by that other Star *Rome's* Pilot steer
 O're Sands and Rocks, that soon will disappear,
 And leave 'em to be swallow'd in despair.
 The Jesuits Politicks ne're found a Seat
 In that brave Soul, that is Divinely great ;
 May he still next to *Cæsar* sit at Helm,
 Assisting to confirm this floating Realm ;
Delos at last on a firm Basis stood,
 Checking the rage of an impetuous Flood ;

So the fair Sons of *Leda* still dispense
 A happy Fate, by their joynt influence;
 Who knows the weight of an Imperial Crown,
 Would not for ever bear it all alone;
 When the Celestial Globe from Age to Age,
Atlas his Shoulders singly did engage;
 None ever envy'd him a little ease,
 To sit and rest, and admire *Hercules*;
 Both Poles, and all the Gods he stoutly bore,
 Ev'n those that squeez'd to make his burden
 more;
 The Church on both hands threatning danger
 sees,
 Like *Jason's* Ship 'twixt the *Symplegades*;
 Nor doth this Panick fear less seize the State,
 Content to perish in one common Fate.
 Mean-while lock *Cæsars* Temples fast asleep,
 So slept the Almighty Pilot on the Deep;
 When Winds and Waves the Sacred Vessel tost,
 When Faith was sinking, the Ship almost lost.

sleep gently glide, and calm those raging Storms,

That daily wrack his Soul with fresh Alarms;

Serene be all his Dreams, happy his rest,

No Politick fright disturb his thoughtful Breast:

This to secure, let the *Cyllenian* God

Stroke both his Temples with his charming Rod;

Let *Morpheus* at an Awful distance stand,

Observant of his Mighty Lords Command.

Now Painter, if thou'rt learn'd, with keen Effort

Give a bold Dash of *Pluto's* dismal Court;

Arm that Black Guard t'attempt great *Cesar's* Life

With Consecrated Gun, Devoted Knife.

Ler all the Factious Spirits ith' Furies Train

Shake all their Snakes, and all their Rods in vain;

While a Wing'd Boy with a Triumphant smile,

The mighty Genius of this *Brittish* Isle,

Defend all Danger, this loose sleeping while.

Let all the *Titans*, those bold Sons of Earth,

That challenge Heaven by their right of Birth;

With

Sleep

With Fire and Thunder their own Force a
noy,

Ægean's hundred hands himself destroy ;

Let 'em all dye by one anothers Sword,

So fall the Enemies of my dreadful Lord ;

Then let the Angel o're the Throne appear,

And with soft accents strike his Sacred Ear :

Here if to Paint a Sound be a hard thing

Give me this Labell Painter——

---To the KING.

“ **A** Wake great Sir, thy Guardian prays the
wake,

“ Who to secure thy rest, no rest can take ;

“ See the Globe reels, the Scepter's tumbling
“ down,

“ One such another Nod may lose a Crown.

“ Awake great care of Heav'n, rise, pay thy
“ Vows

“ To him, that neither sleep nor slumber knows

" Yet if thy wearied head more rest must have,
 " Secure the *Croſſer*, ſo the Crown you ſave.
 " The Crouds of thy Court-Paraſites are gone,
 " With early zeal to meet the riſing Sun; (now,
 " That Prince that ſhear'd thy Banishment, muſt
 " To yield to Popular Rage, an Exile go.
 " Till kinder Providence Commiſſion me,
 " To bring him ſafe to's Country and to thee;
 " Then will appear the greatneſs of his mind,
 " Like Gold that in the fire is thrice refin'd.
 " Some Friends are left, whoſe importunity
 " Will give no reſt either to Heav'n or thee;
 " See a poor few alas at ſilent Prayers,
 " No Rhetorick ſure, like that of ſighs and tears;
 " Thoſe ſoft Addreſſes they will ne're forſake
 " Nor I my juſt Alarms, *Cæſar* awake!
 Awake great Care of Heav'n, riſe, pay thy Vows
 To him who neither Sleep nor Slumber knows.
 Now Painter force thy Art, thy utmoſt try,
 Let day ariſe from *Cæſar's* waking Eye;

And

And while he grasps the Scepter, put in's hand
 The long-lost Reigns of Sovereign command ;
 Thus let the Beams of Majesty out-run
 The Morn, and be more glorious than the Sun.
 Once Painter, when the blustering Winds grew
 rough,

And o'r the Seas did Domineer and Huff ;
 Great *Neptune* then thinking himself betray'd,
 Since his Prerogative they durst invade,
 Sprung from the Deep, and with an awful Nod,
 Confin'd the Slaves of the *Æolian* God ;
 Strait the proud Billows from their tumults cease,
 And all his watry Subjects flow in peace.

Let *Cæsar* thus arise, and thus the World,
 That was to Ruin, and Confusion hurl'd,
 Retire to Order, and Alegiance pay
 In the most Loyal, and Submissive way,

Now let the Piece with thy best Colours shine,
 While every Man sits under his own Vine ;
 Ye Sisters run this Thread t'an endleſs Date,
 Now ev'ry one carves to himself his Fate ;

None

None are unhappy but who force their woe,
 Make themselves wretched least chance make
 'em so,

As *Fannius* kill'd himself t'escape the Foe.

Now Justice flows to all in equal Streams,
 Whilst Liberty and Property, those Themes
 Canted by politick Bigots, quit the Schools,
 Blushing their Patrons are such bawling Fools.

Let the two Factions in one Interest joyn,
 And that faln Star in his first Glory shine.

Restore those Lights to their own Sphere again,
 That falling *Lucifer* drew in his Train ;

Let Court and Country now be understood
 One Heart, one Hand, one Purse, one common
 Good.

Let ev'ry faithful Shepherd tune his lays,
 To Fold his Sheep, and to recall his Strays.

Let him search ev'ry Down, climb ev'ry Rock,
 And lead his straglers to the Cath'lic Flock ;

Let *Towzer* range the Plains (so some of late
 Have term'd *Il Pastor Fido's* constant Mate ;)

Stanch

Stanch to his Scent, no *Tonsor* can disguise
 The Fox ; the Wolf tho clad in Sheeps-skin dies ;
 None of more Service, or of better use,
 When *Tityrus* thinks fit to let him loose.

Let the Plains laugh and sing, the Hills rejoyce,
 While ev'ry Sheep hears her own Shepherd's
 voice :

Religion wears her proper Dress again:
 Oh happy Fate, that thus has chang'd the Scene!
 Such is the Force of Kings, when there's no Cloud,
 To hide their Pow'r from the Tumultuous
 Crowd.

So *Julius*, when his Legions once Rebell'd,
 With but a word, a look, the Mutiny quell'd.
 Awake my Lute, of *Cesar* is my Song,
 Ah! Painter why did'st let him sleep so long :
Cesar gives life to Nature, fills each Soul
 With Peace and Joy, while Plenty Crowns each
 Bowl :

Let great *Apollo* strike his *Delphic* Lyre,
 With all the well-tun'd Virgins of the Quire ;

Infuse ye Goddesses a Loyal Vein,
 On all th' Attendants of the *Hippocrene*;
 Let not th' Infection of uneasie Times,
 Pollute the Fountain with Seditious Rhimes;
 Restrain Licentious Prophets, and let none
 Come with unhallow'd Lays to *Helicon*;
 May still fresh Laurels round his Temples Spring,
 That to the Royal Harp does fit and sing:
 On wretched *Oates Doeg* his Lips shall wear,
 And Murder his ill-tunes that fright the Ear,
 Beneath *Apollo* or the *Muses* care. }
 When thus the Poet shall his Notes divide,
 And never play but to the Juster side;
 The Painter shall his trembling Pensil bring,
 To serve the most August and God-like King;
 Yet all his Colours can't set off this Scene,
 Art in a piece of Nature, is a stain.
 Now the great Month proceeds, this is that
 Spring
 The *Sibyll* and the *Mantuan Bard* did sing;

Let *Saturn* envy *Cæsar's* greater Bliss,
 His Golden Age was but a Type of this ;
 Now all the Spheres in Peaceful Measures move,
 The very Sectaries do order Love ;
 Old *England* I no more shall long to see,
 We're just as happy as we please to be ;
 No prostituted Oaths our fears create,
 No Pilgrims March alarms the Church or State.
Asaph record these times, no more refuse
 The pow'rful impulse of thy charming Muse ;
 Those Royal Heroes that attend the King,
 None but an *Asaph* may presume to sing.
 When *Hybla* to the Bee shall Dew deny,
 When Suppliants in vain to *Cæsar* fly.
 Then shall this Age be lost i'th' Rolls of Time,
 Then *Asaph's* Song shall be like *Doeg's* Rhime.

In Æternam Rei Memoriam

Notissimi scilicet Viri & Doctoris (Si diis placet)

T I T I O A T E S,

Ad rectius intelligendum sensum Veteris de Ejus
Nomine Anagrammatis,

T E S T I S O V A T.

By Mr. E. A. M. A.

Tabulam hanc & Carmina explicatoria Posuit
Philaethes.

1. **T**estis Ovat falsæ fruitur dum Crimine
Linguae,

Et referens sceleris præmia Testis Ovat;

Testis Ovat, plorent liceat tria Regna; doloris

Autor, quam sicco lumine Testis Ovat!

Testis Ovat quod Ierna perit; ruit Anglia; vires

Quod minuit proprias Scotia, Testis Ovat.

Testis Ovat lætus Magnos disjungere fratres,
Et pulso è Patria Castore, Testis Ovat.
Testis Ovat, no cui dum pœna plectitur insons,
Ebrius innocuo Sanguine Testis Ovat.
Testis Ovat : falsæ sed qualis Oratio linguæ,
Qui quod iniquus, Ovat, quam malè Testis
Ovat.

Titus Oates.

I, O tu, Sat est.

By Mr. R. A. M. A.

I O tu, fatis est Vocis turbata procellis
Anglia, sat notos horret & illa sonos.
I, O tu, fatis est Prurigne facta Rebellis,
Scotia, pestiferis plus fatis apta malis !
I, O tu, fatis est Linguæ Mendacis Ierna
Vulnera passa, tuam sat timet illa fidem.
I, fuge, & Angligenis, O tandem parcito Campis !
Pestis es in patriam perniciofa fatis.
I, — Sed quo Mendax, sed quo Perjurus abibis,
Ut lateant Linguæ perfida dicta tuæ ?
Sanctorum contra te portas Insula claudet,
Terra venenosis non patet illa feris ;

Neve Caledonios præstabit visere fines,
Ni vis perfidiam predere Crura tuam.
Nulla remota satis Gens est, tam barbara nulla,
Nomine quæ nondum sit tremebunda tuo ;
Et cum Nulla tui Sceleris non conscia tellus,
Crede mihi in turpem præstat ab ire cru-
cem.

On a Token sent me by a Lady.

By Mr. T. B.

I Kifs'd the Present thrice, and thrice I said,
 As Witches do for Lovers that are fled,
 Like this kind Medal may the Mistress be,
 And then again I kifs'd in Effigie.
 Rich is the Mettel now ! and, now Divine !
 Unmark'd it scorns to mix with vulgar Coyn.
 To the dull Lump, a Soul *Corina* gave,
 A Soul unseen, and not to taste the Grave ;
 When Am'rous *Jove* put on the Lovers Shape,
 That woo'd his *Dana* to a silent Rape ;
 The glittering Show'r had not a drop like this,
 Gingle and Show got him the tawdry Miss ;
 The Man is Damn'd to Death, and to Disgrace,
 Who ever dares the Royal Stamp deface :

But as the humble Laws have thought it fit,
 They are above reward who have Ennobled it.
 Methinks I see her with a generous way,
 Put life and motion in the shining Clay ;
 I hear how unaffected, and how free
 She told my friend—let that be drunk for me.
 Thus *Simele* perhaps (for Poets lye)
 The only Charming Favourite of the Sky,
 From the great Thunderer big with *Bacchus* came,
 Thus lightned round, and shot a pleasing Flame.
 'Twas once disputed which the strongest were,
 The Raisie Liquors, or the sparkling Fair ;
 All now agree it is the Womans due :
 But Madam, they must pay their thanks to you ;
 Each Jovial Glafs, your fair Idea gave,
 Brighter than *Venus* from a Stormy Wave.

The Female Wits.

A S O N G,

By a Lady of Quality.

MEn with much Toil, and Time, and Pain,
At length at Fame arrive,
While we a nearer way obtain
The Palms for which they strive.

We scorn to climb by Reasons Rules
To the loud name of Wit,
And count them silly modest Fools,
Who to that Test submit.

Our sparkling way a Method knows,
More Airy and refin'd,
And shou'd dull Reason interpose,
Our lofty flight 'twould bind.

Then

Then let us on—and still believe;
A good bold Faith will do,
If we our selves can well deceive,
The World will follow too.

What matter tho the Witty few,
Our emptiness do find,
They for their Int'rest will be true,
'Cause we are brisk and kind.

From

From *Ovid's* third Book *Amor*,
 Elc. 3. By Mr. T. B.

False, False, are the obliging things she swore, }
 Yet she's as charming as she was before ; }
 Oh Gods ! how shall I trust you any more ? }
 Young *Cupid* knows not what abuses are,
 But still he plays and wantons in her hair :
 The usual white and red adorn her smile,
 The Rose and Lilly, she deserv'd ere while, }
 Flourish as well in the pernicious Soil. }
 Her Feet were pretty, and they are so yet,
 No Judgments overtake her pretty Feet :
 Those Star-like Eyes their Lustre still retain,
 By which she swore, and I believ'd in vain :
 To Woman-kind the Gods are wondrous free,
 And Beauty's boundless as a Deity ;

It is: For I remember what she said,
By her own Eyes and mine, the Oath was
made;

Her Star-like Eyes their Lustre still retain,
Mine, mine, Alas, must suffer all the Pain!
Say Gods, since you will pardon her Offence,
Say what injustice tortures Innocence:
Of that sad kind let one Example do;
And e'en for that we curse the Stars and you;
When fair *Andromida* to th' Rock was ty'd,
An humble Maid damn'd for her Mothers
Pride.

Is't not enough for the Pernicious Fair,
To scape you Injur'd Pow'rs who' heard her }
Swear;

But must my Sorrows the Affront repair?

Must I my self deceiv'd, the Attonement dye,
Suffer, and suffer for her Perjury?

Gods! empty Names! that have their every
where

From a whole World of Folly, and of Fear;

Or shou'd they they have a Being of their
own,

'Tis for the sake of the soft Sex alone.

Almighty Worshipers! there great command
Is meanly subject to a Female hand.

Mars threatens Man and Murdering *Pallace* two,
Jove hurls his Bolt, and *Phœbus* draws his Bow ;
Yet all these Sparks will kindle at a Maid ;

And where they fright not are themselves afraid.

Is Man the Coward? Man design'd to frown?

Dares none for Safety pull their Altars down?

Whate'er is Holy *Jove* can never spare,

But Treacherous Women are his special care :

His Lightning glided o're the guilty Dames,

'Tis fit kind *Simily* should feel the Flames.

Had she deceitful been and jilted *Jove*,

A well-grown God had bless'd her crafty Love.

Why do I spread Reproaches through the
Skies?

And take from Heav'n the Priviledge of Lyes?

Bosoms for Love, the kinder Gods assume,
 And Arm themselves meerly te be o'er-come.
 Were I a God I'd keep my Deity,
 For the false Creatures to protest for me:
 To ev'ry thing they spoke I'd always swear,
 And hate the Churlish Gods that were severe,

Madam your Pow'r is great, but then be
 brave,

You stoop too low to vex your humble
 Slave.

SONG

S O N G,
By Mrs. A. B.

Cease, cease, *Aminta* to complain
Thy Languishment give o're,
Why shoud'st thou sigh because the Swain
Another does Adore.

Those Charms fond Maid that vanquish'd thee,
Have many a Conquest won,
And sure he could not cruel be,
And leave 'em all undon.

The Youth a Noble temper bears,
Soft and compassionate,
And thou canst only blame thy Stars,
That made thee love too late ;

Yet

Yet had their Influence all been kind,
 They had not cross'd my Fate,
 The tend'rest hours must have an end,
 And Passion has its date.

The softest love grows cold and shy,
 The face so late ador'd,
 Now unregarded passes by,
 Or grows at last abhor'd ;
 All things in Nature fickle prove,
 See how they glide away ;
 Think so in time thy hopeless love
 Will die, as Flowers decay.

Tityrus and Melibeus.

FROM

VIRGIL.

The Argument.

When Augustus had totally routed Brutus and Cassius, who headed a Party against him, after they with several others, had Murdered Julius Caesar in the Senate house; he dividedd Cremona and its Dependances among his Veterans, because they had aided the Assassins, the district of Cremona was not thought sufficient; and therefore part of Mantua was, where Virgil's Estate fell to Arrius the Centurion; Virgil being outed of his Estate flies to Rome, and Petitions Augustus, who gave him his Lands again.

M. Ah Tityrus, You can sit beneath a tree,
And Pipe and Sing to make the
Notes agree;

Tityrus We quit our homes, and do to Exile go,

No more our Law, no more our Country know;

K

But

But you at peace, and leisure piping sit,
While *Amaryllis* all the Woods repeat.

T. Ah! *Melibæus* 'tis a Power Divine,
That caus'd this leisure and this peace of mine:
He is to me a God and I his Swaine,
With blood of Lambs, oft will his Altar
stain.

Now that my stragling kine securely graze,
To him I owe, to him my wanton lays.

M. This don't my Envy but my wonder
raise,

When such a rout's among the Shepherds made,
You sit at ease and quiet in the Shade.

I'm sick and faint, and drive a sickly Flock;
This tother day left on a naked Rock,
The hopes of all my Stock a lovely pair
Of lusty Kids, the Dam is all my care
To get her on, I do almost despair.

But had not I infatuated been,
Fool as I am, this Mischief I'd foreseen;

Jove's inauspicious thunder told me so,
 From the scorch'd Oak, so did the ominous Crow;
 But who is that God, *Tityrus*, tell me, do;

T. That City, *Melibæus*, we call *Rome*
 I wisely thought was like our Town at home,
 Where Shepherds with their Lambs to Market
 come.

Thus Whelps to th' Dam, Kids I to th' Goat com-
 par'd,

Thus small with great, a like proportion shar'd;
 But Towing *Rome* all Cities far exceeds,
 As above Shrubs proud Cedars raise their heads.

M. Prethee what business carry'd thee to *Rome*,

T. Freedom, sweet Freedom which did slowly
 come:

When Winters Snow Age o'er my Beard had
 strew'd,

Then Freedom all her Charming Beauty shew'd:

As *Amarillis* did my Court approve,

I quitted *Gallatea's* Rustick Love;

Believ't, while *Gallatea* me enslav'd,

I car'd not how I liv'd, nor what I sav'd;

Still from my Flock their Altar I supply'd,
 With Cheese I pamper'd their ungrateful Pride;
 I fill'd their Gods, and their ungodly Gut.
 But never fill'd my Purse, I'm sure of that.

M. I wonder'd *Gallates* hung her head,
 And to the Gods so passionately pray'd,
 For whom she sav'd her fruit; her lovely Boy
Tityrus was gon, *Tityrus* was all her Joy.
 Still as the Nymph—Come my dear *Tityrus*, cry'd,
 The Springs and Pines dear *Tityrus* reply'd.

T. What should I do? I cou'd no freedom find
 In any other place, nor Heav'n so kind.
 Here did I see that God of whom I spoke,
 To him once ev'ry Month my Altars smoak :
 Here did I Offer up my first Address,
 Great my Petition and his Grace no less.
 Go to your Farm said he, securely go,
 There freely graze, there freely Plough and Sow.

M. Blest be thy latter days, oh happy Swain!
 Why then thy Downs and Flocks to thee remain?

What

What tho thy lawnes do Stones and Thistles bear,
 Great thy Demeans, large thy Possessions are ;
 No noxious Grass thy Flocks shall ever wrong,
 Or make thy Ews cast their untimely young ;
 When they have newly year'd, are weak and
 faint,

No rot nor scabby Sheep thy Flocks shall taint ;
 Oh happy Swain ! thou by some sacred Spring,
 Or well-known shady Brook shalt sit and sing ;
 Till from the River side and cooling Breeze,,
 And from the Willow-blossoms murmuring Bees ;
 Invite thy drowsie head to gentle sleep.

Soft as thy Musick, as the Fountain's deep ;
 Nor yet is *Myco* wanting ; t'other way,
 He prunes, and sings, and so he spends the day ;
 While there the Stock-Dove, here the Turtle
 moans ;

And tells his Love in no unpleasing Groans ;
 The *Stags* shall therefore feed on Plains i'th' Air,
 The Fish shall be no longer *Neptune's* care ;

Arar in *Parthia* the *Charts* shall lay,
 And to the *German* Coast *Tigris* convey,
 Before I can forget this God of mine,
 His Grace so great, his face so all Divine;
 Poor we alas to scorching *Lybia* go,
 Some to the *Scythian* Hills of frozen Snow,
 Some are for *Creet*, some Hey for *Britain* cry'd,
Britain divided from the World beside.
 Shall ever I come here again alas!
 And see my Hutt, which once my Kingdom was?
 Oh that i'th' Rolls of Time there was one turn,
 To bring me here to find a little Corn!
 Shall these my Fallows, now so neatly laid,
 Be the reward of a damn'd *Veteran* made?
 Shall such Rogues reap, what I have sown, oh
 fate!
 Whither have Civil Wars reduc'd the State?
 Now *Melibans* to thy Nursery go,
 Godress thy Vines, graft Pears and Apples, do.
 Go, go, my Goats, go straggle o're the Plain,
 You once were happy in a careful Swain:

I never

I never more shall see ye climb the Rock,
 From Mossie *grotto's*, my unhappy Flock ;
 No more on *Thyme*, or *Sallow* shall ye brouze,
 Not mine at least, that Fate no more allows ;
 No more shall I in tunes my Passion tell,
 Farewell my Pipe, my Flocks, my Friends fare-
 well.

T. Yet may'st thou rest thy self this night with
 me,

Fresh grass and new-faln leaves thy Bed shall be,
 I have some Apples, and some Chestnuts too,
 But store of Cheese-curds, friend, and all for you :
 Besides a Smoak for yonder Town does goe,
 Shadows of Hills grow long, and the Sun low.

ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
EARL
OF
ROCHESTER.

By an unknown Hand.

What words, what sense, what Night-
piece can express
The Worlds Obscurity and Emptiness?
Since *Rochester* withdrew his Vital Beams
From the great *Chaos* ; fam'd for high Extreams
The Hero's Talent, or in Good or Ill,
Dull Mediocrity misjudging still.

Seraphic

Seraphic Lord ! whom Heav'n for wonders meant,
 The earliest Wit, and the most sudden Saint.
 What tho the Vulgar may traduce thy ways,
 And strive to rob thee of thy Moral Praise ?
 If, with thy Rival *Solomon's* intent,
 Thou sin'dst a little for Experiment ;
 Or to maintain a Paradox, which none
 Had Wit to answer but thy self alone ;
 Thy Soul flew higher ; that strict sacred tye
 With thy Creator, time was to discry.
 Thus pregnant Prophets us'd uncommon ways,
 Play'd their wild pranks and made the Vulgar
 gaze.
 Till their great Message came to be declar'd :
 They sin in Types, that sin so unprepar'd.
 An unexpected change attracts all Eyes,
 They needs must conquer that can well surprise.
 Now Lechers whom the Pox cou'd ne'r con-
 vert,
 know where to fix a restless rambling heart.

Drunkards

Drunkards whose Souls, not their sick Maws
love Drink,

Confound their Glassess, and begin to think.

The Atheist now has nothing left to say,

His Arguments were lent for sport not prey.

Like Guns to Clowns, or weapons to rash Boys,

Resum'd again for Mischief, or for noise.

The Spark cries out now e're he is aware,

(Making an Oath a Prologue to a Prayer)

ROCHESTER said 'twas true! it must be so!

He had no Dispensation from Below.

Thy dying words, (than thousands of Harangues,

Urg'd with grimaces, fortifi'd with Bangs

On dreadful Pulpit) have made more recant,

Than Plague, or War, or Penitential want;

A Declaration so well tim'd, has gain'd

More Profelytes than e're thy wildness feign'd;

Mad Debochees, whom thou didst but allure

With pleasant Baits, and tempt 'em to their cure.

Satan

Satan rejoyc'd to see thee take his part,
 His Malice not so prosperous as thy Art.
 He took thee for his Pilot to convey
 Those easie souls he spirited away.
 But to his great Confusion saw thee shift
 Thy swelling Sails, to take another drift,
 With an Illustrious Train, imputed his,
 To the bright Region of eternal Bliss.
 So have I seen a prudent General Act,
 Whom Fate had forc'd with Rebels to contract
 A hated League, Fight, Vote, Adhere, Obey,
 Own the vile Cause as zealously as they;
 Suppress the Loyal side, and pull all down,
 With unresisted Force, that propt the Crown.
 But when he found out the propitious hour,
 To quit his Masque, and own his Prince's Power;
 Boldly asserted his great Sovereign's Cause,
 And brought three Kingdoms to his Master's Laws.

S O N G

S O N G,

By Mr. J. W.

FAair Nymphs, remember all your Scorn,
Will be by time repaid,
Those Glories which that face Adorn,
And flourish like the rising Morn,
Must one day sett and fade ;
Then all your cold disdain to me,
Will but increase Deformity ;
When still the kind will lovely be,
Compassion is of lasting Praise,
For that's the Beauty ne'r decays.

Are

Fair Nymph, avoid those Storms of Fate

Are to the cruel due,

The Powers above, tho ne'er so late,

Can be, when they revenge your hate,

As Pitiless as you.

Know, Charming Maid, those Powers Divine,

Did never such soft Eyes design,

To wrong a heart so true as mine.

The Gods who my dear flame infus'd,

Will never see it thus abus'd.

A
P O E M.

E^VE was the first Essay of unskilled *Jove*,
She Charm'd when *Adam* had none else to
Love,

And compass'd Mans Destruction; which in vain
Her Daughters since have labour'd to maintain.
That *Jove* is perfect in creating now,
By his *Aminta*, to our cost we know ;
That easiness, diffus'd through every part,
Shews the great Art, that can conceal the Art ;
That unaffected softness in her Eyes,
That Artless sweetness in her looks and voice ;
Those tender words, and those bewitching smiles,
That of his painful sting e'en Death beguiles.

Makes

Makes life steal gently off, while happy we,
 Leave it before her in an Extasie;
 We are in love with ruin in her Dress,
 And court th' Enchantment as our happiness;
 While the gay Feathers in her eyes appear,
 Who can the killing end o'th' Arrow fear?
 We gaze at the bright place whence Lightning
 breaks,
 Till the Bolt come in gaudy fiery streaks.
 Tho soft and sweet, often a Southern wind
 Laden with Plagues and Pestilence we find,
 Yet like a saving God-head I would be,
 And take the Universal pain on me;
 Deliver Mankind from a second Fall,
 And be the Victim to atone for all.

To a Vizard Masque

By the same hand.

I.

Kind thou art, Oh shining thing!
To allay the Mettal thus ;
Thus to draw a Cloud between
Thy Balefull influence and us.

2.

But oh ! I triumph'd much too soon,
The Lightning makes its way, and flies
On winged ruine, I'm undone
From the bright breakings of her Eyes.

3.

I know 'tis Lightning, for my heart,
Which always has resistance made,
Is broken all, tho not apart
O'th' Scabbard touch't, where it was laid.

4. The

4.

The nimble fire an entrance found,
And has so subtilly wrought my fate,
Thas left no kind confelling wound,
My wretched story to relate.

5.

That flood of Beauty who withstands,
Which pent up in so close a place,
O'reflowing all the Neighbouring Lands,
Finds passage through so small a space.

6.

So Burning-Glasses do contract the Beams,
That did but gently warm before,
Kindles the Object into flames,
And feeds upon it till it is no more.

L

S O N G.

S O N G,

By Mr. J. W.

WHat are those lovely cruel Eyes to me?
Lightning that shines to kill ;
Comets that bode the angry fates decree,
So wondrous bright, so wondrous cruel still :
Ah *Phyllis* ! can you have
Pow'r to destroy, and yet no will to save.

That Face, those Lips so Heavenly sweet and fair,
Alas ! what do they prove
To me ? to me alone, Hell and Dispair ;
So curs'd is he that lives in hopeless Love :
Ill have the Gods design'd
To looks so Beautiful, thoughts so Unkind.

As thus *Philander* mourn'd his hopeless state,

Ah wretched Swain! said he,

Am I mark'd out to be the scorn of fate,

The only Object of her Cruelty ?

Ah wretched Swain! he cry'd,

Then sigh'd away his loving Soul, and di'd.

Palemon, Menalcas, Dametas.

F R O M

VIRGIL.

M. **I**S this *Dametas* *Melibæus* Flock?

D. **I**No *Ægona*, now I look to *Ægona* Stock.

M. Oh most unhappy Sheep! that jealous kind,
Lest I his Rival should more favor find.

His Passion night and day *Næra* shews,
While this base Hireling hourly milks his Ewes,
Starves the young Lambs, and does the Dams }
abuse.

D. No more of that. *Menalcas* you are rude,
And not to be endur'd by Flesh and Blood;
You might give better Language, if you please,
No Man can bear such rude Affronts as these:

I could

I could discover, I know what I know,
Both when, and where, and who the Spark was
too;

The Nymph I must confess saw't with a smile,
But the He-Goats lookt all aslee the while.

M. Then I suppose, when at friend *Myco's*, I
Cut down his Vines, and spoil'd his Nursery.

D. Or at the old Beeches, where *Menalus*
you,
ill natur'd Chit, broke *Daphnis* Yewen Bow;
And all the Arrows that were given him two.
You would have had 'em, and for madness cry'd,
Had you not done him Mischief, you had dy'd.

M. What will the Master ever blush to do,
When little Hirelings thus presumptive grow!
You Rascal, did not you steal *Damon's* Goat,
When *Mungrel* bark'd; yon know? you did, I
saw't;

And when I cry'd, where runs that fellow there?
Tityrus eye the Flock, you hid for fear.

D. Shou'd he not pay me Shepherd when I won?

I did out pipe him, that the Youth will own.
I beat him fairly, and he yielded too,
And wou'd the price of Victory forgoe;
The Goat was mine whether you know't or no.

M. You out-pipe him, ye Dunce, did ever yet

You dare pretend to Pipe or Flagelet,
Such as we Artists use? I think indeed,
I've heard thee tooting on a jarring Reed;
Is't not your trade at Wake or Country Fair,
To Murder Tunes as common as the Air?

D. And say'st thou so, if't be your Worship's will,

Let you and I have one fair trial of skill,
I'll lay this Cow, she fills two pails aday,
And suckles twins, pray what is't you dare lay?

M. Lay Kid or Lamb, I neither will nor dare,
My Father's strict, my step-dame most severe;

And

And twice a day by both they'r strictly told,
 Shepherd I dare not with my Flock make bold:
 But what in your own Eyes shall better be,
 (Since you must play the fool and challenge me,) |
 I'll lay two *Beechen* Bowls, of Art Divine;
Alcimidon wrought 'em, and then made 'em mine.
 See how the *Ivy* to the *Vine* is laid,
 To give each others Clusters welcome shade;
 This is the outside Glory, look within
 Two Mathematick Figures deck the Scene;
 This *Canon* is, but who is that stands there,
 Who with his staff points out the various year?
 What time for sowing, what for reaping fit;
 Spick and span new, they ne're were drunk in
 yet.

D. I have two Bowls of the same kind with
 thine,

The handles deckt with fragrant *Jessamin*;
Orpheus within does strike his *Thracian* Lyre,
 While the Woods danc'd, and listning Beasts ad-
 mire.

Believe me, mine no Lip did e're Prophane,
But to the Cow such trifles are but vain.

M. You shan't fly off, I'll take y'at any rate,
Palemon if he please decide our Fate ;
Shepherd I'll make thee never challenge more.

D. Why then begin, come shew the Muses
store,
I refuse no Man, good *Palemon* hear
This weighty Cause with an attentive ear.

Pa. Strike up, on this green Liv'ry of the
Spring
I'll sit and hear, while you two sit and sing ;
Here the Woods blossom, and the Meadows
there,
No time so beautiful of all the year.

Dametas, You begin, *Menalcas*, pray
Observe to answer th' *Amabeau* way,
The Muses love Alternate notes they say. }

D. With *Jove* begin, my Muse, give *Jove* his
Praise,
He loves the Lawns and listens to my Lays.

M. Phæbus loves me, to *Phæbus* I will sing,
And his loud *Bays* and *Jacinth* to him bring.

D. With Apples *Gallatea* pelts her Swain,
Then runs to hide, but hopes she hides in vain.

M. My lov'd *Amyntas* does his Passion own,
Diana to my Hounds is not more known.

D. I know a Turtles Nest, and ere be long,
I will present my Mistress with the Young.

M. 'Twas all I had, ten Wildings my poor
store
I sent the Lad, to morrow I'll send more.

D. Oh! in what Notes my Nymph does tell
her love,
Carry, ye Winds, the tunes to th' Gods above.

M. What boots thy Love, kind youth, if I
must yet,
While you pursue the Chace, but watch the Net?

D. My Birth-day's come, send me my *Phillis*
home,
At *Ceres* Feast *Iola* you shall come;

M. *Phillis* is mine, that parting tears can tell,
Farewell the cries, ah lovely Swain, farewell.

D.

D. Winds blow down Trees, Storms lodge
whole Fields of Corn,

Wolves ruin Folds, me *Amaryllis* scorns.

M. What Showers to new sown-Corn, what
Browz can be

To teeming Goats, *Amyntas* is to me.

D. *Pollio*, my Muse, thy Rustic Song approves,
His be that Heifer, since thy Notes he loves.

M. *Pollio* in Epics has a skilful hand,
His be that threatning Bull that paws the Sand.

D. Who *Pollio* loves, may h' be as *Pollio*
great,
His Thorns bear Roses, his Oaks Honey sweet.

M. Who hates not *Bavy* may on *Mævy* doat,
Plough with his Fox, and Milk his old He-Goat.

D. Who *Asaph*, may he burn with *Asaphs* fire,
May *Baccar* guard his Brow, and Laurels deck
his Lyre.

M. Who hates not *Og*, *Doeg* may fancy thee,
May milk his Bull, and wife as *Waltham* be.

D. You that pick Flowers, and Strawberries,
have a care

Fly, fly, my Lads, an Adder's lurking there.

M. The Bank's not safe, let not the Sheep come
nigh,

The Ram himself fell in and's hardly dry.

D. *Tityrus*, keep off the Kids from yonder
Flood,

I'll wash 'em all my self, when I see good.

M. Boys fly to Shades, if heat their Udders
drein,

We may ev'n milk our Ewes again in vain.

D. How lean's my Bull in a fat Pasture grown,
Love hath the Herd and Herdsman quite un-
done.

M. Mine are meer skin and bones, without
Loves flames,

Some Magick Eye sure has bewitch'd my Lambs.

D. Tell me, and thou shalt be my *Delphick*
God,

Where Heaven's no more than just three Cubits
broad.

M. Tell

M. Tell me sweet, heat, and *Phillis* be thine
own,

Where Flowers the Royal names of Kings do
Crown.

Pal. Shepherd, it is not in my Power to say
Which of the two shall bear the prize away.

M. You both shall march in Triumph o'er the
Plain,

Not only you, but ev'ry Amorous Swain;
Who *Cupid's* Smiles, or *Cupid's* Frowns shall dread,
Damm the Brook lads, ye have well-flow'd
the Mead.

ON THE
DEATH
OF
Famous Mr. Hobbs
OF
MALMSBURY.

IS he then dead at last, whom vain report,
So often feign'd immortal in meer sport ?

Whom we on Earth so long alive did see,

We thought he here had Immortality;

Or, as, like what he Writ, could not expire,

Whom all that did not love, yet did admire ;

For

For who his Writings still accus'd in vain,
Were taught by him, of whom they did complain.

Some Authors vented have more truths, but so,
If truths they be, 'tis more than we can know;
He with such Art deceiv'd that none can say,
(If his be Errors,) where his Errors lay.

If he mistakes, 'tis still with so much wit
He Errs more pleasingly than other hitt.

For there are Counterfeits of Truth which are
In shew more truths, than truths themselves appear.

As Nature in meer sport has fram'd some Apes
Nearer to Man than some in Human Shapes;
All were by him so charmingly misled
They chose to lose the way with such a Guide.
And wander pleasantly rather than be
In the right way with duller Company:
With ill success some fond disputers strove
What Doctrine he had planted, to remove:

And justly are they blam'd ; for that disease
Is ill remov'd, which more than health does please.

And who delightful Frenzies entertain,

When undeceiv'd, do of their Cure complain:

With such sweet force he does our thoughts invade

That where he cannot teach he does invade ;

And we that read his writings, wish 'em true,

If we do not believe 'em to be so.

If he be in the wrong we hold it still,

Because the right appears not half so well ;

And who would mend his faults must make a blot,

May be more truths, but most will like it not.

For tho fair Vertue *Plato* wish'd to see,

Yet Vice as fair will please no less than she.

Why are temptations names for what is ill,

But that her Charms are more prevailing still ?

Or Vice call'd Pleasures, but to shew alone,

That Vice and Pleasure in effect are one ;

Hence

And

Hence come our Wits to think there is no Devil,
Or if he tempter was, he was not Evil;
And finding him dres'd in a different Fashion,
According to the humour of each Nation.
And that the Indians were in this so civil
To whiten him we blacken for the Devil.
So Vice and Vertue both are our Opinion
And vari'd with the Laws of each Dominion;
To which who did conform, were understood
As their Mode differ'd, to be bad, or good.

SONG,

A S O N G,
By Mrs. A. B.

WHile, *Iris*, I at distance View,
And feed my greedy eyes,
That wounded heart, that dyes for you,
Dull gazing can't suffice;
Hope is the Food of Love-sick minds,
On that alone 'twill Feast,
The nobler part which Love refines,
No other can digest.

In vain, too nice and Charming Maid,
I did suppress my Cares;
In vain my rising sighs I stay'd,
And stop'd my falling tears;

M

The

The Flood would swell, the Tempest rise,
As my despair came on ;
When from her Lovely cruel Eyes,
I found I was undone.
Yet at your feet while thus I lye,
And languish by your Eyes,
'Tis far more glorious here to dye,
Than gain another Prize.
Here let me sigh,, here let me gaze,
And wish at least to find
As raptur'd nights, and tender days,
As he to whom you're kind.

Out of
HORACE,

Omitted in

Mr. CREECH.

O D E III. B O O K III.

1. *The Praise of Justice, and Constancy, for these Reasons Juno declares Romulus a God, tho Descended from the Trojans, whom she hated for Paris's sake.*

THe Man that dares his word maintain,
To what is strictly just, and good
confin'd,

To him Seditions Rage in vain.

Nor Tyrants Threats can shake his constant
mind.

M 2

Let

Let *Auster* in the *Adria* rave,
 Let *Jove*, and all his Thunder threaten fear;
 Nay let the Heavens fall, this brave,
 Will all the broken Orb undaunted bear.

This *Pellux* Deifi'd, and this
 Led wandring *Hercules* to *Jove's* abode,
 Where great *Augustus* sits in Bliss,
 And takes his round of *Nectar*, as a God.

By this did *Bacchus* Tygers tame,
 And force their Necks the unknown Yoak to
 take;
 This, this gave *Romulus* a Name,
 That sav'd *Quirinus* from the *Stygian* Lake.

A Council of the Gods was call'd,
 Where *Juno* sat Inthron'd to bless the day;
 And that the God might be Install'd,
 Thus in a gracious Speech was pleas'd to say.

Troy,

Troy, Oh ye Gods! the wicked *Troy*

For Fame has now expos'd my naked Shame,
Th'Incestuous Judge did once destroy,
And a strange Woman, that I hate to name.

Leomidon did some time since

Cheat the two Gods that built the wretched
Town;

Which, with the People and the Prince,
I, and the Chaste *Minerva* hate to own.

Now the spruce Youth to *Styx* is fled,
That stole his jilting Landlady away,

Priam and all his Sons are dead,

No more does *Hector* the brave Greeks de-
stroy.

That War that was prolong'd by me,

Did long since end in a Victorious Peace;

I'll now no more revengeful be,

And my inveterate Anger now shall cease.

That Child which once I could not love,
 Which *Mars* begot upon a *Trojan* Nun;
 Shall now my gracious kindness prove;
 While to the Father I resign the Son.

Let him for me drink Nectar now,
 And his Celestial Throne in Peace enjoy;
 Thus *Juno* will serene her Brow,
 And in the List of Gods enroll the Boy.

So long as raging Seas divide
 The ruinated *Troy*, and rising *Rome*;
 I grant 'em all the World beside,
 And with the Exil'd happy days to come.

So long as Beasts their Tombs shall stain,
 In sight of *Paris*, and of *Priam's* Ghost;
 So long as Cubs may safe prophane
 Those hated Monuments of cursed dust.

May the proud Capitol of *Rome*

Above the Conquer'd World advance her
head,

In Triumph may her Legions come,

And give new Laws to the poor Captive
Mede.

Rome will extend her dreadful name,

While ev'ry Barbarous Land, and Foreign
Isle,

Her Glory shall aloud proclaim,

From the *Streights* Mouth, e'en to the Banks
of *Nile.*

No Slave to Gold, which then is best

Confin'd to Earth, and *Pluto's* dark Com-
mands,

This *Rome* shall scorn, and never wrest

To Humane use, with Sacrilegious hands.

From *East* to *West* her Arms shall flie,
 To both the *Poles* the *Romans* shall be
 known,
 And to those distant Climes that lie
 Under the torrid, and the frozen Zone.

But yet on this *Romes* Fate depends,
 That she be n't fond of what I did destroy,
 And through Success that still attends,
 Rebuild the ancient Walls of Curfed
Troy.

Troy but presume to rise again,
 Again it shall a heap of Ashes prove,
 While I to Plunder lead my Men,
 Who am the Sister and the Wife of *Jove*.

Thrice let it rise to Walls of Brass,
 And *Phœbus* build 'em too, if he so please,
 Yet thrice my *Greeks* shall burn the Place,
 Thrice lead their Women Captive o're the
 Seas.

Oh

Oh Stay thy flight my merry Lyre,

Where Soars my Muse, don't thou presume
to teach

What the Gods Sing in their great Choir;

And spoil a Subject far above thy reach.

A
DESCRIPTION
OF
Holland.
By Mr. *NEVELL*.

THose wonderful Wise Men, Nick-nam'd
Antiquaries,

Who to get Maggots, do Bugger old Worlds,
Spoiling Paper to prove how this and that varies,
Bring in to bear witness, some musty Records;

In all that they scatter
Of former and latter,

Makes only this clear, they know nothing o'th'
matter,

And

And *Erasmus's* Statue, or Brass *Rotterdamus*,
Has more Sense than the best of that Tribe you
can name us.

Now I guess some old Fellow, that's given to
poring,

Will wipe his Back-side with my Ballad in
Spight,

And swear I'm some Rhimer delighted in Who-
ring,

And a thousand to one in that he's in the right.

But e're he do so,

I'd have him to know,

It is for my own sake, not his what I do ;

For being by Fate cast on Shore upon no Land,

I'm passing my time under Water in *Holland*.

Then not to be Idle, while here I am Smimming,

I make observations on my fellow Fish,

And weighty Remarques of Antiquity bring in,

As useful as *Cambden*, that's not worth a rush.

The

The Original Cause

Of their Customs and Laws,
 And whence comes their Language, as sure as
 Jack-Daws ;
 Such Wisdom will prove, tho 'twere before a
 King,
 Cut out for a Scholar, tho spoil'd in the ma-
 king.

Then first I observe from the French-Man *Des*
Cartes,

Men in the beginning like Cabbages grew ;
 You may say this Quotation not worth a F---rt is,
 Tho he knew it as well as my self to be true ;
 But when all is done,

'Tis as clear as the Sun,
 That Dutch-Men had that beginning, or none ;
 For like Pumpkins, I tell you ; they grew out of
 Bogs,
 And learnt their first words from the croaking of
 Frogs.

Should

Should no other Nation Plant Men in their Sisters,

They wou'd not be reckon'd amongst Fleſh
and Blood,

Nor would have more Bones than our *Colcheſter*
Oiſters;

For Dutch-men at firſt were huge ſkins of
Mud ;

At the top of which lay

Some Froth of the Sea,

Which harden'd to Brains, as Curds come from
Whey.

Which looſen'd at Bottom, away they did go,
Juſt ſuch thinking Giants as Boys make of Snow:

You may wonder a little how I came to know it,
But wonder's a ſign of Ignorance ſtill,

The Records of Nature, their Bodies, do ſhew it,
As he that goes there may know if he will ;

And perhaps I might

Prove *Hobbs* in the right,

That Mankind by Nature wou'd fall to't and
Fight,

For

For these things no sooner each other did see,
But with Lobsters Claws they began Snicker Snee.

That Love and good Nature some Strangers bring
hither.

With all their Arts they cou'd never inspire,
For Guelt their sole God, they would hang their
own Father,

And Starving (if poor) would not make
him a fire.

The first word they spoke,
(Or rather did Croke,)

And their last to, was Guelt, which they throat-
led i'th' Throat,

All their Life time a Bee's not more busie for Ho-
ney,

Than they are for raking, and scraping for Money.

For that, or for nothing at first they united,
Religion so talk'd of 's the least of their care,

For't being too costly they Popery slighted,

And wish'd, might they get by't, the Alco-
ran there;

They

They count it no Sin,
To deny Christ agen,

As they did at *Japan*, so more Guelt it brought
in.

As Money at first did bring 'em together,

By Nature it keeps there a true State of War,
A Son will make nothing to Cudgel his Father,

For spending more of it than comes to his
share.

The Husbands and Wives,

Will out with their Knives,

And for keeping the Guelt will seek each others
Lives ;

So they only ingender when Nature commands,

And feel no Affection altho P—o stands.

Yet heated with Brandy they sometimes do Fum-
ble,

In the Sluce of that Bog, call'd the Belly of
Spouse,

Where *Haunces in Kelder* with *Sooterkins* tumble,

Sweet Babies like Pigs got by Stove on their
Sows ;

For

For with Dildo of fire
 They stir up desire,
 And draw out the Water, or make it retire,
 But for which invention of *Ewfrons* contriving,
 The Sport might be better call'd Smimming than
 S——ing.

I strove to discover the Freedom some prate on,
 But with all my searching the Devil a bit,
 Except it be this, that a Tapster may beat one,
 That will not t'an all-to-mall reckoning sub-
 mit ;

The *Schellums* impose,
 Both for Victuals and Cloaths,
 For they hate all good dressing, as Quakers do
 Oaths;
 As for a good Suit, if you'll wear one, you may
 But fifty *per cent* it will cost ev'ry day.

That 'tis a Republick can't be forgotten,

'Tis felt in the Monstrous Excises they raise,
Which keeps their Poor empty, like *Herrings* shot-
ten,

For they Tax 'em, the Devil knows how ma-
ny ways ;

Not the *Kermilk* they eat,

Which is their best meat,

Nor their Water bewitch'd, but pays half to the
State ;

Oh may all Phanaticks run mad their own way,
That for such Mock-freedoms, as freely will pay.

Their Government tho, thanks some Politick
Neighbours,

With much ado makes a Shift for to stand,
Yet sure 't has been more than *Hercules* La-
bours,

So long to keep twisted a meer Rope of
Sand,

N

Where

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Where Fish-wives dare prate

Of matters of State,

And no Man is safe whom the Rabble does
hate,

A spreading Infection, which threatens undo-
ing

To some, who too often have kept them from
ruine.

S O N G

Sh
Br
W
By

S O N G,
From the *French*.

TH E other day a fair young Maid,
Who in a Neighb'ring Cottage dwells,
Beneath the Shade was sleeping laid,

To a soft Fountans murmuring Rills;
Her Robe was thin, and did discover
Enough to tempt the gazing Lover,
Which Am'rous rustling Winds did move,
Discovering not in vain, the Throne of Love :

I need not tell you what they did,
Since Modesty such Tales forbid,
Without my aid you may presume,

That *Silvia* had a pleasant Dream,
She waking blush'd, and wou'd have fled;
But I retain'd her on the Grassie Bed,
While I her Pardon did implore,
By oft repeating what we'd done before.

ECLOGUE,

By Mr. J. W.

HAplefs *Philafter* in a Midnight Shade,
More dark and horrid by his Sorrows
Made ;

And yet as if too light for his Black thought,
The thickest Covert of the Forrest sought.
Where laid on the old Turf he seem'd to have
The nearest Bed to his desired Grave ;
Silent as that. was then and there, the night,
And his Tyrannic Stars were all the light ;
In this sad state thus the unhappy Swain,
All drown'd in tears did to himself complain ;
Wretched *Philafter* ! to all griefs betray'd,
Whose past delights are double sorrows made ;

Had

Had I ne're seen *Astels* lovely face,
 Or in her favor never had a place;
 Had I ne're heard her soft charming Words,
 Nor tast all the sweets her Lip affords,
 I had not now been with this Hell oppress'd,
 But in my Ignorance of Bliss been blest;
 Ah! how have I transgress'd so much amiss?
 What sin, what horrid Sin cou'd merit this?
 Was it my Love? I had, I must confess,
 Been less offensive, had my love been less;
 If in true Love we any crime can find,
 I am more guilty than all Humane kind:
 Pardon ye Gods, and my *Astella* move,
 Like you, to pardon the excess of Love;
 Love may ferment too high, but sure that fault
 Can never be above Heav'ns pardon thought.
 The Gods forgive, but she alone denys,
 Yet has so much of Heaven in her Eyes;
 Those soft sweet looks want no Celestial Grace,
 But Pity only in *Philastrers* case;

Oh my Divine ! but too too Cruel Saint,
 Thus the sad Shepherd ended his complaint.
 When lo the Deity, Queen of that Grove
 Appear'd, and thus to ease his Passion strove ;
 Is there no mean in Love ? what Charm appears
 In Grief, to Wed you thus to Groans and Tears ?
 Consider Shepherd how *Astella* goes,
 Slighting your Love, and laughing at your Woes ;
 She scorns the tender Passion you express,
 And fancies most those Swains that merit less ;
 The Nymph who thus unjustly false can prove,
 Think her not worth your sighs, less worth your
 Love.

Slowly at this the Youth his head did rear,
 And saw (unmov'd) the lovely *Dryade* there ;
 (No Beauty, tho Divine, cou'd raise surprize
 In him, who once had seen *Astellas* eyes)
 Goddess, said he, (for such you needs must be,
 Pity and Beauty speak Divinity ;)
 In joy, enjoy your ever happy Loves,
 And your eternal Revels in these Groves ;

Be ever by the *Sylvian* Gods admir'd,
 And ease with Love, those Flames by you inspir'd,
 But I alas! have such a tortured heart,
 All your Divinity can no Cure impart,
Astella only has that powerful Art.
 By her I live, by her I soon shall die,
 Ah would that silent hour were still more nigh;
 When back to my first Clay I shall arrive,
 And be no more; yet shall my Love survive.
 That noble Flame, to which these tears are due,
 Is as immortal, and Divine as you,
 First to their Fountains shall the Rivers flow,
 Turtles forget to Mourn, those Trees to grow;
 Showers shall fall upwards from whence first they
 came,
 Ere I forget the sweet *Astellas* name.
 Faint were those words, but his last groans were
 strong,
 When Death, or something like it, stop'd his
 tongue.

S O N G,
By Mr. J. H.

IN *Cloris* all soft Charms agree,
Inchanting Humour, Powerful Wit,
Beauty from Affectation free,
And for eternal Empire fit;
Where ere she goes Love waites her Eyes;
The Women Envie, Men Adore;
But did she less the Triumph prize,
She would deserve the Conquest more.

The Pomp of Love so much prevails,
She begs, what none else wou'd deny her,
Makes such advances with her Eyes,
The Hope she gives prevents desire ;

Catches

Catches at every trifling heart,
Seems warm with every glimmering flame,
The common prey so deads the Dart,
It scarce can pierce a noble game.

I cou'd lie Ages at her feet,
Adore her, careless of my pain,
With tender Vows her rigours meet,
Dispair, Love on, and not complain.
My Passion, from all change secure
No Favours raise, no Frowns controuls,
I any torment can indure,
But hoping with a Crowd of Fools.

HORACE

HORACE.

ODE VI. BOOK III.

*Of the Corrupt, and Degenerate Manners of
this Age.*

I.

ROME, Your Fore-fathers Sins you'll rue,
Though you at present less the Gods
provoke,

Unless you build their Temples new,
And purge their Images from Dust and
Smoak.

2.

Your Piety your Empire gave,
From thence it sprung and took this lofty flight ;
But when the Gods no Worship have,
Repeated Plagues poor *Italy* affright.

3. Twice

3.

Twice did the *Parthian* beat our Troops,
'Cause we the *Angurs* and the Gods Profan'd,
And with Success he Crowns his hopes,
And larger Bracelets now adorn his hand.

4.

When Civil Wars provoke our Fate,
And *Rome* Assaulted *Rome* with fresh Alarms,
Egypt and *Scythia* rent the State,
That with a Fleet, and this with flying Arms.

5.

This Age, in sin now fruitful grown,
The Sacred Rites o'th' Bed invaded first,
From thence our Miseries all have flown,
Our Line's degenerate, and our Race accurst.

6.

A tender Girl, scarce ripe for Man,
Learns the *Ionic* Mien, and wanton Dance,
Her Jilting hopefully comes on,
Till Sin to full Maturity advance.

7. Then

7.

Then while her Husband's at his Wine,
 She to her Bullys will her Pimps dispatch,
 Nor nicely in the dark assign,
 Where none can see, or conscious Lamp can
 watch ;

8.

But call'd, in sight of Spouse she'll go,
 Whether some trifling Factor for her Wait,
 Or else some Spanish Merchant, who
 Will purchase his disgrace at any rate.

9.

Those Heroes ne're from hence did spring,
 That dy'd the Seas with *Carthaginian* Blood;
 That *Pyrrhus* beat, and *Syria's* King,
 And *Annibal*, who long *Romes* terror stood.

10.

But Martial Youths, that in the Field
 To exercise their Manly strength delight,
 Where all the day the Spade they wield,
 And carry home their Mothers Wood at Night.

11. At

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11.

At night when *Western* Sun is low,
And Trees and Mountains Shadows are in-
crease,
When the tir'd Oxen quit the Plow,
And wearied Mortals go to welcome rest.

12.

What don't destructive time decay ?
Our Fathers did their Fathers Ill exceed,
And we are grown still worse than they,
And shall yet leave a more degen'rate Breed.

T O

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T O
LESBIA,
O U T O F
CATULLUS.

By an unknown Hand.

L Ets live, my *Lesbia*, while we may,
In Love let's pass the thoughtless day;
While Impotence, and Envie rage,
In Cold Cenforious Duller Age,
Yonder Sun that sets to night,
Returns to morrow with new Light;
But when once our day is done,
Our Pleasures and our Joys are flown,

One poor stroke our hearts will sever,
 And we sleep, we sleep for ever,
 A hundred kisses then my dear,
 A thousand more, nay yet I swear,
 Another thousand does remain;
 Then t' other hundred o're again,
 Then another thousand more,
 Then a hundred as before;
 When many thousands thus are past,
 We'll mix, we'll shuffle 'em so at last,
 That no Witch-craft blast our bliss,
 When our Joys are numberless.

ON •
ALEXANDER
THE
GREAT.

NO wonder that great Monarch did com-
plain,
And weep there were no other Worlds to gain;
His grief and his complaints were not amiss,
H'has cause to grieve, who gains no Worlds but
this.

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A
PARAPHRASE
ON THE
Lords Prayer.

By Mrs. A. B.

Our Father,

O Wondrous condescension of a God!
To poor unworthy sinful flesh and blood;
Lest the high Mystery of Divinity,
Thy sacred Title, shou'd too Awful be;
Lest trembling prostrates should not freely come,
As to their Parent, to their native home;

O

Lest

Left thy incomprehensible God-head shou'd
 Not by dull Man ; be rightly understood ;
 Thou deignst to take a name, that fits our sense,
 Yet lessens not thy glorious Excellence.

Which art in Heaven,

Thy Mercy ended not, when thou didst own
 Poor lost and out-cast Man to be thy Son ;
 'Twas not enough the Father to dispense,
 In Heaven thou gav'st us an Inheritance ;
 A Province, where thou'lt deign'd each Child
 a share ;
 Advance my tim'rous Soul, thou needst not fear,
 Thou hast a God ! a God and Father ! there.

Hallowed be thy Name,

Eor ever be it, may my Pious Verse,
 That shall thy great and glorious name rehearse,
 By singing Angels still repeated be,
 And tune a Song that may be worthy thee ;

While

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While all the Earth with Ecchoing Heav'n shall
joyn,

To Magnifie a Being so Divine.

Thy Kingdom come,

Prepare my Soul 'gainst that Triumphant day,
Adorn thy self with all that's Heavenly gay,
Put on the Garment, which no spot can stain,
And with thy God! thy King! and Father! Reign;
When all the Joyful Court of Heaven shall be
One everlasting day of Jubilee;
Make my Soul fit but there to find a room,
Then when thou wilt, Lord let thy Kingdom
come.

Thy Will be done

With all submission prostrate I resign
My Soul, my Faculties, and Will to thine;
For thou, Oh Lord, art Holy, Wise, and Just,
And raising Man from forth the common dust,

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Hast set thy Sacred Image on his Soul,
And shall the Pot the Potters hand controul?
Poor boasting feeble Clay, that Error shun,
Submit and let th' Almighty's Will be done.

In Earth as it is in Heaven.

For there the Angels, and the Saints rejoyce,
Resigning all to the blest Heavenly Voice;
Behold the Seraphins his Will obey,
Wilt thou less humble be, fond Man than they?
Behold the Cherubins and Pow'rs Divine,
And all the Heavenly Host in Homage joyn;
Shall their Submission yield, and shall not thine?
Nay, shall even God submit to Flesh and Blood?
For our Redemption, our Eternal good,
Shall he submit to stripes, nay even to die
A Death reproachful, and of Infamy?
Shall God himself submit, and shall not I?
Vain, stubborn Fool, draw not thy ruine on,
But as in Heav'n; on Earth Gods Will be done;

Give

Give us this day our daily Bread,

For oh my God! as boasting as we are,
 We cannot live without thy heavenly care,
 With all our Pride, not one poor Morfel's gain'd,
 Till by thy wondrous Bounty first obtain'd;
 With all our flatter'd Wit, our fanci'd sense,
 We have not to one Mercy a pretence
 Without the aid of thy Omnipotence. }
 Oh God, so fit my soul, that I may prove
 A pitied Object of thy Grace and Love ;
 May my soul be with Heavenly Manna fed,
 And deign my grosser part thy daily bread.

And forgive us our Trepasses

How prone we are to Sin, how sweet were made
 The pleasures, our resistless hearts invade !
 Of all my Crimes, the breach of all thy Laws
 Love, soft bewitching Love ! has been the cause ;

Of all the Paths that Vanity has trod,
 That sure will soonest be forgiven of God ;
 If things on Earth may be to Heaven resembled,
 It must be love, pure, constant, undissembled :
 But if to Sin by chance the Charmer press,
 Forgive O Lord, forgive our Trespases.

As we forgive them that Trespafs against us.

Oh that this grateful, little Charity,
 Forgiving others all their Sins to me,
 May with my God for mine attoning be.
 I've sought around, and found no foe in view,
 Whom with the least Revenge I would pursue,
 My God, my God, dispense thy Mercies too.

Lead us not into Temptation

Thou but permits it, Lord, 'tis we go on,
 And give our selves the Provocation ;
 'Tis we, that prone to pleasures which invite,
 Seek all the Arts to heighten vain delight ;

But

But if without some Sin we cannot move,
 May mine proceed no higher than to love;
 And may thy vengeance be the less severe,
 Since thou hast made the object lov'd so far.

But deliver us from Evil.

From all the hasty Fury Passion breeds,
 And into deaf and blinded Error leads,
 From words that bear Damnation in the sound,
 And do the Soul as well as Honour wound,
 That by degrees of Madness lead us on
 To Indiscretion, Shame, Confusion;
 From Fondness, Lying, and Hypocrisie,
 From my neglect of what I ow to thee;
 From Scandal, and from Pride, divert my thought,
 And from my Neighbour grant I covet nought;
 From black Ingratitude, and Treason, Lord,
 Guard me, even in the least unreverend word.

In my Opinion, grant, O Lord, I may
 Be guided in the true and rightful way,
 And he that guides me may not go astray ;
 Do thou, oh Lord, instruct me how to know
 Not whither, but which way I am to go ;
 For how should I an unknown passage find,
 When my instructing Guide himself is blind.

All Honour, Glory, and all Praise be given
 To Kings on Earth, and to our God in Heaven.

-----*Amen.*

T H E

THE
DESPAIR.

IN a sad unfrequented *Cyprus* Grove,
With all the symptoms of neglected Love,

The fair *Urania* lay,

By a clear murmuring Rivers side,

Her tears increasing the swift tide ;

With Gales of sighs I heard her say,

Some pitying Power oh ease my smart !

Or break at once my wretched heart.

Then still as Death the Virgin fate,

Lost in a maze of thought,

But rousing with a sudden start,

Usher'd by a sad Groan,

In Charming sounds her Lute she taught,

Her killing grief to moan.

Thus

Thus sung the fair ! ye Gods it cannot be,
Amintas is not, can't be false to me ;
Amintas he, who on my panting Breast,
 So oft has lean'd his sighing head,
 And things so soft, so tender said,
 As rob'd me of my heart, and rob'd me of my rest.
 So oft he vow'd, that I believ'd,
 For with that tongue the World might be deceiv'd.
 He woo'd, he won with such an Art,
 To Love himself unknown,
 Should he the fatal way impart,
 All Maids were sure undone ;
 Yet Heav'n to this poor Perjur'd Swain,
 Grant all the blessings in your Pow'rs ;
 Health to his Flocks, and may no stain
 Of falshood blot his much-lov'd name ;
 That name *Urania* so adores :
 Give him a fairer—Nymph almost she said,
 But stoping cry'd,
 Give him a thousand, thousand joys beside.

H O R A C E

HORACE,

ODE XXI. BOOK III.

*He treats Coroine, and sings the Praise of
WINE.*

I.

OH my dear Flask, of mine own year,
When *Manly* did the Rod and Axes bear,
Whether whining Love, or Jokes,
Or Rage, or Lust, thy Spirit provokes,
Or kindly dost with sleep our heads repair?

2.

What ever name thy Maffic has,
Come down, thou' wert reserv'd for Holidays;
Coroine now expecting stands,
And I attend on his Commands,
Give's mellow Wine, whose strength its Age allays.
Shew

3.

Shew not his *Socratic* Brow,
Let him be *Stoic*, he'll be merry now :
Wine, 'tis said, in former days
Oft timesold *Cato's* Spirit did raise,
And from the Bottle did his Vertue flow:

4.

Thou dost a gentle force commit,
To try rough Tempers, and refine their Wit;
Thou to *Bacchus* dost reveal
The Secrets Wise men would conceal ;
For o'er the Glass, with open hearts we sit.

5.

When Souls dejected are with Cares,
Thou dost exalt their Spirits, expell their fears;
The poor Man thou dost briskly Arm,
Who full of Wine defies all harm,
From Tyrants Frowns, and Soldiers threatening
fear.

Kind *Venus* shall with *Bacchus* joyn,
And all the Graces Revel now in Wine;
Lamps shall lengthen wasting night,
And Tapers lend a welcome Light,
Till Morning Sun shall come himself and shine:

SELINDA and *CLORIS*

Made in an

ENTERTAINMENT

A T

COURT

By Mrs *A. B.*

Selinda.

AS young *Selinda* led her Flock,
Beneath the Shelter of a shaded Rock,
The Melancholy *Cloris* by,
Thus to the Lovely Maid did sighing cry.

Cloris.

Selinda you too lightly prize,
The powerful Glories of your Eyes;

To suffer young *Alexis* to adore,
Alexis, whom Love made my slave before ;
 I first adorn'd him with my Chains,
 He Sigh'd beneath the rigour of my Reign ;
 And can that Conquest now be worth your }
 pain ? }

A Votary you deserve who ne'er knew how,
 To any Altars but your own to bow.

Scinda.

Is it your Friendship or your Jealousie,
 That brings this timely aid to me ?
 With Reason we that Empire quit,
 Who so much Rigour shows,
 And 'twould declare more Love than Wit,
 Not to recall his Vows.
 If Beauty could *Alexis* move,
 He might as well be mine ;
 He saw the Errors of his Love,
 He saw how long in vain he strove,
 And did your scorn decline ;

And

And *Cloris*, I the Gods may imitate,
And humble Penitents receive, tho late.

Cloris.

Mistaken Maid, can his Devotion prove
Agreeable or true,
Who only offers broken Vows of Love?
Vows, which *Selinda*, are my due.
How often prostrate at my feet h'as lain,
Imploring Pity for his Pain?
My heart a thousand ways he strove to win,
Before it let the Charming Conqueror in;
Ah then how soon the Amorous heat was laid!
How soon he broke the Vows he made!
Slighting the Trophies he had won.
And smiling saw me sigh for being undone.

Selinda.

Enough, enough, my dear abandon'd Maid,
Enough thy Eyes, thy Sighs, thy Tongue have
said,

In all the Groves, on all the Plains,
 'Mongst all the Shepherds, all the Swains,
 I never saw the Charms cou'd move
 My yet unconquer'd heart, to Love;
 And tho a God *Alexis* were,
 He should not Rule the Empire here.

Cloris.

Then from his charming Language fly,
 Or thou'rt undone as well as I;
 The God of Love is sure his Friend,
 Who taught him all his Arts,
 And when a Conquest he design'd,
 He furnish'd him with Darts;
 His Quiver, and his gilded Bow,
 To his assistance brings,
 And having given the fatal Blow,
 Lends him his fleeting wings.
 Tho not a Cottage Slave, can be,
 Before the Conquest, so submits as he.

To Fold your Sheep, to gather Flowers,
 To Pipe and sing, and sigh away your hours;
 Early your Flocks to fragrant Meads,
 Or cooling shades, and Springs he Leads;
 Weaves Garlands, or go seek your Lambs,
 That struggle from their bleating Dams,
 Or any humble bus'ness do,
 But once a Victor, he's a Tyrant too.

Selinda.

Cloris, such little Services would prove
 Too mean, to be repaid with Love;
 A Look, a Nod, a Smile would quit that score,
 And she deserves to be undone, that pays a She-
 pherd more.

Cloris.

His new-blown Passion if *Selinda*'s Scorn,
Alexis may again to me return.

Selinda.

Secure thy Fears, the Vows he makes to me
 I send a Present, back to thee;

Then

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Cloris.

Then we will sing, in every Grove,
The greatness of your Mind,——

Selinda

———And I your Love.

Both.

And all the Day,
With Pride and Joy,
We'll let the Neighb'ring Shepherds see,
That none like us,
Did e'er express,
The heights of Love and Amity ;
And all the day, &c.

V E R S E S

Made By

S A P H O,

Done from the Greek

B Y

BOYLEAU,

And from the

F R E N C H

B Y

A Lady of Q U A L I T Y.

I.

H Appy who near you sigh, for you alone,
Who hears you speak, or whom you smile
upon :

You well for this might scorn a Starry Throne.

To

2.

To this compar'd the Heav'nly Bliss they prove,
 No Envy raises; for the Powers a Love
 Ne'er tasted Joys, compar'd to such above.

3.

When ere I look on you, through every Vein,
 Subtil as Lightning flies the nimble Flame,
 I'm all o'er Rapture, while all over Pain.

4.

And while my Soul does in these Transports
 stray,
 My Voice disdains to teach my Tongue its way;
 Each faculty does now its trust betray.

5.

A Cloud of wild Confusion veils my sight,
 Sounds vainly strike my Ears, my Eyes the light,
 Soft Languishment my Senses dis unite,

6.

Swift trembling streight o'er all my Body flies,
 Life frightned thence, Love dos his place supply,
 Disorder'd, Breathless, Pale, and Cold, I die.

HORACE,

ODE XXV BOOK III.

*Warm with Wine, he resolves to sing the Praise
of Augustus.*

W^Hether *Bacchus* full of thee,
Oh Whether *Bacchus* wilt thou ravish me?
To what Grove, or Laune must I,
Thus hurried on, by Inspiration fly?
To what Cell shall I retire,
To raise great *Cæsar* to the Heav'nly Quire?
I will sing what's great and new,
What never any *Roman* Lyre yet knew;
Thus do's *Enias* awake,
And think to view cold *Thrace*, and *Hebers* Lake;

When

When but in a Trance she goes,
 O'er Frozen Hills and *Rodopeian* Snows,
 Oh how this my wonder moves,
 To see these Rocks and solitary Groves!
 Powerful God ! at whose commands
 Trees are Torn up by th' Roots, by Womens
 hands,
 Lofty strains my Song shall be,
 I'll sing what's great, and what is worthy thee;
 Lead on *Bacchus*, now lead on,
 I'll follow thee, what danger e'er I run.

A
P I N D A R I C

To Mr. P. who sings finely.

By Mrs. *A. B.*

D*Amon*, altho you waste in vain,
That pretious breath of thine,
Where lies a Pow'r in every strain,
To take in any other heart, but mine;
Yet do not cease to sing, that I may know,
By what soft Charms and Arts,
What more than Humane 'tis you do,
To take, and keep your hearts;

Or

Or have you Vow'd never to waſt your breath,

But when ſome Maid muſt fall a Sacrifice,

As *Indian* Prieſt prepare a death,

For Slaves t'adorn their Victories,

Your Charm's as powerful, if I live,

For I as ſenſible ſhall be,

What wound you can, to all that hear you, give,

As if you wounded me ;

And ſhall as much adore your wondrous ſkill,

As if my heart each dying Note cou'd kill.

And yet I ſhould not tempt my Fate,

Nor truſt my feeble ſtrength,

Which does with ev'ry ſoftning Note abate,

And may at length

Reduce me to the wretched Slave I hate ;

Tis ſtrange extremity in me,

To venture on a doubtful Victory,

Where if you fail, I gain no more,

Than what I had before ;

But

But 'twill certain comfort bring,

If I unconquer'd do escape from you ;

If I can live, and hear you sing,

No other Forces can my Soul subdue ;

Sing *Damon* then, and let each Shade,

Which with thy Heavenly voice is happy made,

Bear witness if my courage be not great,

To hear thee sing, and make a safe retreat.

A S O N G,

F*Rancellias* heart is still the same,
Cold and hard as Winter Morning,
While my heart is always Burning,
But no frowns, or smiles can ever
Warm her Ice, or cool my Feaver.

How oft the Wood-Nymphs, Shades and Springs,
All the Meads, the Groves, and Fountains,
All the Rivers, Plaines, and Mountains,
Heard my sighs when e'er I nam'd her,
And the Eccho's seem'd to blame her.

Set by *Mr.* Porter.

S O N G,

S O N G,

K Now *Afireas*, time has wings
 Swift as thought, or rays of light,
 Let us then use the hours he brings,
 While they're here in soft delight ;
 The Mornings up, see where the Shepherd leads
 His curled Flocks, into the Flowry Meads ;
 Then you'll see him streight retire,
 (When the days increasing fire
 Burns the Fields,) into the Grove,
 Where in his soft retreat,
 He'll cool his own and the days heat,
 In some willing Virgins Love.

Let our Envy then pursue
 Their Enjoyment all alone,
 And use the happy Minutes too,
 In kind Love that's posting on ;

Let

Let us repent, my Fair, we made not ours
The moments lost, and catch the coming hours,
Which we'll waſt in wanton kiſſes,
Conquer'd with the ſhades of night,
We'll lie on fragrant Beds
Of Flowers, where the Lilly ſheds
Odors to increaſe delight.

O D E

 ODE XXVII. BOOK III.

*He dissuades Gallatea from going to Sea,
from the Example of Eropæ.*

I.

THE Wicked Men a Journey make,
The chat'ring Pye her flight shall take,
A Bitch with Whelps shall be their Guide,
And Wolves and Foxes cross their way beside.

2.

A Snake shall fly like fiery Dart,
And fright their Horse and make him start;
But now for whom shall *Horace* fear,
Or play the Augur with a provident care?

3.

Before the Crow come to the Fen,
And foretell Storms to cunning Men,
I the Prophetick Bird will rouze,
And to the East direct my early Vows.

4. Live

4.

Live, my dear, where e'er you be,
Still happy, and still kind to me,
No Amorous Rook shall thee come near,
No Pye create my *Gallatea's* fear.

5.

But see *Orion* goes to set,
And threatens raging Winds and Wet,
What *Adria* is, I know and dread,
Calabrian Calms do oftentimes Storms precede:

6.

May the unlucky rising Kid,
Over Enemies Wives and Children speed,
On foaming Seas, that rage and rave,
While the Shores tremble at each breaking Wave.

7.

So once *Europa* needs would ride,
And did the Treacherous Bull bestride;
But when the Waves, and Monsters plaid,
The daring Nymph began to be afraid.

8. Thus

8.

Thus She, that picking Flow'rs of late,
 To Crown the Nymphs i'th' Meadows fate,
 In a Star-light night, can now
 See nought, but Heaven above, and Seas below.

9.

But when she came to th' Isle of *Crete*,
 Made by a hundred Cities great,
 Father said that Wicked I
 Should that dear name, and my own duty flye!

10.

Oh whence, Oh whether am I fled!
 One Death can't salve a Maiden-head ;
 Am I awake, and thus defil'd ?
 Or is my Innocence by Dreams beguil'd ?

11.

Dreams that through Gates of Ivory come,
 Which Dreams tho vain are troublesom,
 What was best to cross the Main,
 Or pick the new-blown Flowers upon the Plain.

12. Oh

12.

Oh would that wicked Bull were here !
 Now when my rage exceeds my fear,
 I'd scratch his horns, and break his pate,
 Whom I, alas, so dearly lov'd of late.

13.

Impudent Wench, that dar'd to fly,
 That dar'd to sin, yet fear to die !
 If any God vouchsafe to hear,
 Oh that I naked among Lyons were.

14.

Before my Beauty fade away,
 Before my tender Youth decay,
 I wish, i'th' Pride of all my Charms,
 To be embrac'd in a fierce Tygers Arms.

15.

Base Coward, does her Father cry,
 Thou wishest Death, yet dar'st not die,
 See here's thy Girdle, there's a Tree,
 This fit to hang, and that to strangle thee.

Q

16. Or

16.

Or if those Cliffs do rather please,
Hence thou maist headlong reach the Seas,
Unless thou'dst basely sit and spin,
And a Kings Daughter stoop to Concubin.

17.

Thus did the wretched Nymph complain,
Nor were her sighs and tears in vain,
Dame *Venus* smiling came along,
Leading young *Cupid*, with his Bow unstrung.

18.

When she a while had laugh'd and droll'd,
Peace, Nymph, said she, fie, do not scold,
This hated Bull shall come and stand,
And let thee stroke him, till thou tire thy hand.

19.

What! know'st thou not thou'rt Wife to *Jove*?
Come do not sigh, nor sob my Love;
Learn, learn to bear thy state for shame,
One part o'th' World shall bear *Europa's* name.

F R O M

FROM
HORACE.

ODE IV. BOOK IV.

*The innate Valour of Noble Bede, which is yet
improv'd by Education, in the Example of
Drusus, and Tiberius, under the Discipline
of Augustus.*

I.

AS the young Eagle that *Joves* Thunder
bears,

And of all Birds the name of Monarch wears,

Because she safe convey'd the Boy,

Fair *Ganymed*, the lovely Prince of *Troy*.

2.

Her innate spirit, and growing courage drove

Out of her Nest, unfledg'd, into the Grove,

Where she as winds did gently blow,

First learn'd to flye, flut'ring from bough to bough.

Q 2

3. Then

4.

Then by degrees did stop to make her prey,
 Now Sheep-folds to her Tallons Tribute pay ;
 Nor Dragonscape, that come in fight,
 Some fall for love of prey, and some for fight.

5.

Or as a Kid in the rank Pasture spies,
 A Lions Whelp, and from his Fury flies,
 That now with rage pursues his game,
 Because he must no longer suck his Dam.

6.

Such did the *Rhatians*, and *Bavarians* see
Drusus engage, and routed Armies flee ;
 I ne'er intend to ask my Muse,
 Why these the *Amazonian* ax do use.

7.

None may know all, this once Victorious foe,
 By *Drusus* tam'd, does by experience bow,
 How breeding betters Royal Blood,
 How great *Augustus* Soul animates young Boys to
 good,

8. The

8.

The *Valiant* propagate their Valiant Seed,
 The *Bull*, and *Horse* follow their generous breed,
 And no Records of time can prove,
 That e'er the *Eagle* bred a tim'rous *Dove*.

9.

Yet *Discipline* a native *Vertue* mends,
 And from th' Assaults of *Vice* the heart defends;
 If *Virtue* once to *Vice* give place,
 Base *Actions* do *Ennobled* Blood debase.

10.

What then, O *Rome*! do'st to thy *Neroes* owe
Metaurus Streams, and *Asdrubal* can shew;
 Oh happy was that glorious day,
 When the insulting *African* gave way.

11.

When *Annibal* from *Town* to *Town* did run,
 Swift as the rapid *Flames* fly burning on,
 Or the more *Rapid* Wind, that storms and raves,
 When *Eurus* rides o'er the *Sicilian* Waves.

Hence *Rome* enjoy'd a more propitious fate,
 And wisht Success did on our Ensignes wait ;
 Our *Gods* more kind in *Temples* are,
 Which were demolish'd in that *Barbarous* War.

In this Perfidious *Annibal* spoke true,
 We are, said he, like *Dears*, who *Wolves* pursue ;
 We hasten *Fate*, like mad-men *die*,
 Force Fight on them, 'twere Victory to fly.

A People, that when *Troy* was laid in dust,
 By Tempest on the *Tyrrhen* Ocean tost ;
 Their *Sons*, their *Fathers*, and their *Gods*
 Brought to th' *Ausonian* Coast to seek abodes.

A People, that as *Palmes*, the higher grow,
 Being lop'd and prun'd, and thrive by ev'ry blow
 Are made by their own ruine great,
 By *Fire*, and *Sword*, and *Ship wreck* grown com-
 pleat

16.

So *Hidra* from her wounds still stronger grows,
 And still new heads did *Hercules* oppose;
 Such Monsters once at *Colchos* grew,
 And such a Crop at *Thebes* once *Cadmus* knew.

17.

Sink 'em, they'l rise more glorious and great,
 Beat 'em, when routed they'l the Conqu'rors beat;
 They'l fight to Triumph when undone,
 And their *Wives* boast the Fields, their *Husbands*
 won.

18.

To *Carthage* I no more proud Post shall send,
 Our *Punic* Victories are at an end;
 The Fortune of our Arms is fled,
 Fled all our hopes, since *Asdrubal* is dead.

19.

There's nothing can the *Claudian* Force abide,
 When *Jove* himself declares on *Nero's* side;
 Or Force, or Stratagem is vain,
 Their prudence will an easie Triumph gain.

ON THE
Miraculous Escape
OF HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS,
Going into
SCOTLAND
BY
SEA.

By Mr. E. A. M. A.

SHall Heav'n in vain his great Credentials
give,

And Faithless he still scruple to believe?

Shall more than common proofs assert his Right,

While we alike 'gainst Truth and Justice fight?

And

And that great *Prince* from future Crowns debar,
 Whose wondrous *Scapes* shew him preserv'd to
 wear;

Can we forget that sad and tedious while,
 That home-bred Malice kept him in Exile,
 And made him rather venture on the doom
 Of Foreign than Usurping Pow'rs at home,
 Whose swelling Rage, within no bounds content,
 Envy'd his *Liberty* of *Banishment*.

Add had not Strangers been more Just and Brave,
 Had made his Sanctuary become his Grave;
 But *Providence*, which saw how they wou'd need
 That *Hero's* help, whom they had doom'd to bleed,
 Preserv'd him to *defend*, and *bles*s their Land,
 If they the *Blessing* could but understand;
 And tho our Foes aim'd at his *Life* alone,
 (Knowing all *our* ~~own~~ *concentred* in that *one*)
 Some secret power Deaths Messenger mislead,
 And turn'd their Fury from *his* Royal Head;

So

So that untoucht this stately *Cedar* stood,
 Whilst Lightning blasted all the under-wood.
 But as if *Fate* by saving did intend
 To bring him to a more ignoble end,
 And ruine him by those he did defend ;
 Ungrateful we abuse that purchas'd Peace,
 And wanton grown with *Pleasure* and with *Ease*,
 Wou'd now *Exclude* him that *Paternal* Throne,
 Which next great *Charles* he ought to sit, or none
 To raise the Peoples *Idolized Son*. —

So once the true and Sacred Worship fear'd,
 When such great *Nothings* were at *Bethel* rear'd ;
 But *Heav'n* who knew his Cause to be its own,
 Since *Princes* Rights depend on *Heav'n* alone,
 Has *pleaded*, and *appear'd* for both in one ;
 And made that *rage*, which did his *Reign* oppose,
 His best preservative against his *Foes* ;
 And that throughout the World it might be heard,
 How much he was by *Providence* indear'd,

It left its Favourites to the Sea expos'd,
 With *Deaths* as numerous as those waves in-
 clos'd,
Deaths which to him, and such as he might
 want,
 But to no other wou'd a *Pass-port* grant ;
 To shew by this one Act, so far from *Chance*,
 Its great *Concern* for his *deliverance* ;
 So our *Bless'd Lord* did not his *Lazarus* save,
 Till he was near corrupting in the Grave,
 That by his grief, the life he did restore,
 Might seem more valu'd, and the wonder more.
 But tho preserv'd for Heavens immediate sake,
 His *Life's* a Blessing, which we all partake,
 And ought in *Votive* Tables to express
 The mighty *Favor*, and the *Happiness* ;
 And so we will : but what have we to Vow ?
 Since more alas ! than we can give, we owe.
 But 'tis not all the worth of Sacrifice,
 But the sincere design that Heav'n does prize ;

Then

Then since no more's requir'd, let us bring
Of what we have, a chearful Offering;
And if the *Scepter* which Great CHARLES
did Sway,
Shou'd want his hand, (but far be that sad day)
Then we in Vows of Loyalty must pray,
And Heavens great pleasure in his Power obey.

FROM

FROM
HORACE,

A
secular Poem :

A
H Y M N

T O
Phæbus and Diana,

For the Prosperity of the

ROMAN EMPIRE.

I.

P*Hæbus*, and thou great *Goddeſs* of the Skies,
Whole *Altars* duly ſmoak with Sacrifice,
O grant us what we humbly pray,

On this your Solemn Holiday !

When

When the old *Sybills* gave a strict command,
 That untouch'd *Boys*, and *Virgins* hand in hand
 Should sing a *Hymn* to those kind Powers,
 That love our Hills, and guard our Towers.

2.

Great *Sol* who dost both night and day divide,
 Who daily new, do'st still the same abide;
 May you ne'er see, where e'er you come,
 A Town more Great than Mighty *Rome*.
 Gentle *Diana*, tho thy self a *Maid*,
 Thou giv'st all Travelling Wombs a timely aid;
 Oh save our *Mothers* by thy care,
 So *Luna*, or *Lucina* hear.

3.

Encrease our Progeny, confirm all Laws
 That do concern the *Matrimonial* Cause;
 Let no Decree o'th' *Senate* die,
 That does invite to *Multiply*;

And when twice Fifty years do end their date,
Rome shall these *Hymns* and solemn Plays repeat ;
 Three following *Suns* shall see these Rites
 That are renew'd, the following Nights.

4.

Ye *Fates*, whose sacred truths command our Aw,
 Let what's decreed be an eternal Law ;
 Give to *Romes* Fortunes, that are past,
 Supplys, that may for ever last ;
 May plenteous Crops and Folds the Fields adorn,
 That *Ceres* may be Crown'd with Ears of Corn ;
 May wholsom Streams, and healthful Air,
 Make³ all our Flocks look fresh and fair.

5.

Apollo now lay by thy dreadful Bow,
 And hear the *Lads* with a smooth pleasant Brow ;
Diana Queen of all the Stars,
 As kindly hear the *Virgins* Prayers.

If *Rome* was built by your Divine Command,
 When the poor *Trojans* left their Native Land;
 And long by Seas and Tempest tost,
 Arriv'd on the *Etrurian* Coast.

6.

When through the Flames of *Troy* a dang'rous way,
Æneas safely did his Men convey,
 And promis'd still that they should find
 A better place than that behind;
 Ye *Gods*! grant to your Youth what's good and
 great,
 Not to the old and peaceful calm retreat.
 Our Children and our Wealth increase,
 And *Rome* with honour ever bless.

7.

Let *Venus* and *Anchises* Son obtain,
 (Who with white *Bullocks* does your Altars stain)
 To raise his Empire above all,
 Still kind to pity those that fall;

The *Mede* does now already trembling stand
 In fear of *Rome*, Potent by Sea and Land;
 The *Scythians* now our pleasure wait,
 And so the *Indians* did of late.

8.

Faith, *Peace*, and *Honour*, now their Rules dis-
 pense.

We're Chaste as in the time of Innocence;
 Now Vertue does the State adorn,
 And *Rome* is bless'd with Plenty's Horn.
 If he that future doubts, knows to divide,
 Whose Golden Bow does beautifie his side;
 Adorn'd by th' Muses, and no less
 By those that skill in Herbs profess;

9.

If *Phebus* prosper the *Palatian* Towers,
 Favor *Rome's* Empire, and be wholly ours;
 May he for ever bless the State,
 And make it to all Ages great.

Diana that upon the *Aventine* dwells,
 And from Mount *Algidus* sweet favor smells ;
 The thrice fierce Priest o'th' *Sibylls* hear,
 And to the Boys vouchsafe an *Ear*.

IO

Now are we sure our Prayers to Heaven are
 flown,
 That *Jove* and all the *Gods* are now our own,
 While we the Chorus Praises bring,
 To *Phæbus* and *Diana* sing.

ON THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
Cambridge.
A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
Tutor and Pupil.

By an Unknown Hand, *Anno* 84.

Pup.

Hither as to an *Oracle* I come
To be inform'd, and return wiser home ;
For from these Walls, this Consecrated Place,
The *God of Wit*, to this day does not cease

R 2

To

To th' wondring World *Precepts Divine* to
give,

And teaches how to write, and teaches how to
live.

Tut.

The Place I own is much oblig'd to Fame,
Yet are its Merits great, as is its Name ;
Here *Wisdom*, *Learning*, and *Religion* thrives,
Here happy *Innocence*, and *Virtue* lives ;
Virtue that is it self its own reward,
And *Innocence* that never needs a Guard.

Pup.

Happy the People, and belov'd of Heav'n,
To whom this sweet, this safe retreat is given ;
Free from the Noises Tumults of the Age,
Pens do their hands, and Books their minds en-
gage ;
No *Faction's* known, no base *Rebellion* here,
But only to be wise, and loyal is their care.

Tut.

Tut.

Oh blest be ye indulgent Pow'rs, to you
This happy Seat, this sacred Rest we owe;
Here doth the *God-like Albemarle* preside,
The Muses Safety, and the Muses Pride;
They him with everlasting Praises bless,
And he secures their humble happiness.

Pup.

But he or to the Camp, or to the Court,
Zealous to serve his *Prince* still makes resort,
From thence by what inducements will you bring
Him, who so truly loves, and serves the *King*.

Tut.

His Power remote protects us from all harm,
And, like the *Sun*, his Beams at distance warm:

Pup.

But who deputed does the Muses sway?
Whom in his absence do the *Tribes* obey?

Tut.

They chose him freely, but repent their Choice,
 —— is the Man, scarce fit to Govern Boys,
 And yet he seems for Majesty design'd,
 And is a *King*, tho not in Power, in mind;
 He'd Act according to his Haughty Soul,
 Be absolute, and Rule without controul;
 But our wise Senate did his Pride condemn,
 And made him better know himself, and them;
 To counterpoise the Ballance, and to set
 'Gainst one great Ill, one Vertuously great.
 Take him who does Divinity profess,
 Whom all the glory of our Age confess,
 And never satisfi'd with hearing blefs.

Beaumont, a Name the Learn'd with Reverence
 know,

And scarcely more to their own *Hooker* owe;
 'Mongst all his numerous, brave adopted Sons,
Barnes is his eldest Joy, that *Barnes* who moans

The

The Martyr'd *Charles* ; exposes former Crimes,
 And by an early care reclaims our Times ;
Salisbury's Youth, by such Instructions led,
 Does in the Noblest Paths of Honour tread ;
 His late unhappy Fathers Fate he mourns,
 And wisely from the hated Faction turns :
Manchester too, by Nature made to be
 The best of Friends, or dreadfulst Enemy ;
 Always averse to dull indifference,
 Is here at once taught Loyalty and Sense :
 Add to these Heroes, one of equal worth,
Mountague, great in Learning as in Birth,
 Whose early Merit just Preferment bears,
 And greater Honours wait his riper years :
 Next *Asculapian*, *Goslin*, *Spencer*, *More*,
 The Martial *Peachel*, and the Learned *Gower* ;
 Men that will ne'er from threatening danger fly,
 But rather than Rebel would bravely dye ;
 Men always ready, for the publick good,
 To Sacrifice their Fortunes and their Blood ;

Nor let the Ingenious *Eachard* be forgot,
 His Colledge interest studious to promote;
 These grateful Walls will speak his deathless
 Praise,

With them he does a fame more lasting raise:
 Nor *Exton*, *Exton* knowing in the Laws,
 And always zealous for the Royal Cause;
 With these, and such as these, some hours we
 spend,

True to our Prince, and Faithful to our Friend.
 When weary, from our Studies we retire,
 Repair lost strength, and quicken new desire,
 A Generous Bottle Crowns the Chearful Board,
 Sweet the Discourse, and useful every word.

Pup.

But who's the fam'd Physician, that thought fit
 To Censure Loyalty, and Noblest Wit?

Tut.

'Twas——damn'd the never-dying Verse,
 That *Albemarle's* just Praises did rehearse;

That

That shew'd how blest we are in *Charles's* his *Reign*,
 And sung the Rebels Fate with brave Disdain;
 And so he sung, so charm'd us, that his Name
 Shall ever live among the Sons of Fame,
 Lasting as his, who absent *Calia* Mourns,
 Or his whom scornful *Sacharissa* burns;
 They all of our great Learned Mother come,
 The Ingenious Offspring of her fruitful Womb;
 She *Chancer* too, and *Cowly* first brought forth,
 Before in time, but not before in worth;
 In *Dryden's* Mighty self she claims a part,
 Tho he to *Oxford* has resign'd his heart;
Thebes did his green unknowing youth ingage,
 But he chose *Athens* in his riper Age;
 Not so the nobler *C—on* did disown
 This place, for which he left the Lewder Town,
 Hither retir'd, and here in studious rest,
 From Vice and Folly free, is truly blest.

Pop.

But must I here be to a Gown confin'd ?
 No other good Associate can I find,
 Worthy a Mans Acquaintance ? is there none
 In all this numerous neighboring sparkish Town.

Tut.

Beware ah fond believing Youth ! beware,
 But leave these Walls, and streight you'r in a
 snare ;

Or to Mens Avarice you are made a Prey,
 Or Womens Smiles will lead your heart astray,
 Tho nothing should less tempting be than they. }
 One boasts that she of Noble Lineage comes,
 Tho all her Race were Chamber-maids and
 Grooms ;

Another tho her Birth be mean, yet she
 (Thanks to her Stars) has ingenuity ;
 And blest she is with such a Beauteous face,
 So charming, so resistless, every Grace,
 She'll not to th' proudest of her Sex give place. }
 A

A third her Portion boasts, tho few there are,
 That e'er will have that Sin to answer for ;
 Five hundred Pounds were by her Father
 left,

Got neither by Extortion, nor Theft ;
 Tho bare five shillings first the Villain had,
 And honestly improv'd it by the Pad :

Such dirty Stuff as this, I charge ye shun,
 And from the Town as from a Pest-house run ;
 Keep close within thy Colledg Walls, and there
 Enjoy thy self, Books only be thy care,
 And such few friends, by whose wise converse
 you
 To Man, and something more than Man may
 grow.

O N

ON THE
AUTHOR
OF THAT
EXCELLENT BOOK
INTITULED

The way to HEALTH, LONG
LIFE, and HAPPINESS.

By Mrs. A. B.

Hail Learned Bard! who dost thy power
dispende,

And shew'st us the first State of Innocence.

In that blest golden Age, when Man was young,

When the whole Race was Vigorous and Strong;

When Nature did her wond'rous dictates give,

And taught the Noble Savage how to live;

When

When Chrystal Streams, and every plenteous
Wood

Afforded harmless drink, and wholesome food ;
E'er that ingratitude in Man was found,
His Mother Earth with Iron Ploughs to wound ;
When unconfin'd, the spacious Plains produc'd
What Nature crav'd, and more than Nature us'd ;
When every Sense to innocent delight
Th' agreeing Elements unforc'd invite ;
When Earth was gay, and Heaven was kind and
bright,

And nothing horrid did perplex the sight ;
Unprun'd the Roses and the Jes'min grew,
Nature each day dress'd all the World anew,
And Sweets without Mans aid each Moment
grew ;

Till wild Debauchery did Mens minds invade,
And Vice, and Luxury became a Trade ;
Surer than War it laid whole Countrys waste,
Not Plague nor Famine ruins half so fast ;
By swift degrees we took that Poison in,
Regarding not the danger, nor the sin ;

Delightful

Delightful, Gay, and Charming was the Bait,
 While Death did on th' inviting Pleasure wait,
 And ev'ry Age produc'd a feebl' Race,
 Sickly their days, and those declin'd apace,
 Scarce Blossoms Blow, and Wither in less space.
 Till Nature thus declining by degrees,
 We have recourse to rich restoratives,
 By dull advice from some of Learned Note,
 We take the Poison for the Antidote ;
 Till sinking Nature cloy'd with full supplies,
 O'er-charg'd grows fainter, Languishes and dies.

These are the Plagues that o'er this Island reign,
 And have so many threescore thousands slain,
 Till you the saving Angel, whose blest hand
 Have sheath'd that Sword, that threatned half
 the Land ;

More than a Parent, Sir, we you must own,
 They give but life, but you prolong it on ;
 You even an equal power with Heav'n do shew,
 Give us long life, and lasting Vertue too :

Such were the mighty Patriarchs, of old,
 Who God in all his Glory did behold,
 Inspir'd like you, they Heavens Instructions
 shew'd,

And were as Gods amidst the wandering
 Croud;

Not he that bore th' Almighty Wand cou'd
 give

Diviner Dictates, how to eat, and live.

And so essential was this cleanly Food,

For Mans eternal health, eternal good,

That God did for his first-lov'd Race pro-
 vide,

What thou by Gods example hast prescrib'd :

O mai'st thou live to justify thy fame,

To Ages lasting as thy glorious Name !

May thy own life make thy vast Reasons
 good,

(Philosophy admir'd and understood,)

To every sense 'tis plain, 'tis great, and clear,

And Divine Wisdom does o'er all appear ;

Learn

Learning and Knowledge do support the
whole,

And nothing can the mighty truth controul;

Let Fools and Mad-men thy great work condemn,

I've tri'd thy Method, and adore thy Theme;

Adore the Soul that cou'd such truths discern,

And scorn the fools that want the sense to
learn.

EPI.

E P I T A P H

On the Tombstone of a Child, the last of
Seven that died before.

By Mrs. A. B.

THis Little, Silent, Gloomy Monument,
Contains all that was sweet and innocent ;
The softest prater that e'er found a Tongue,
His Voice was Musick and his Words a Song ;
Which now each List'ning Angel smiling hears,
Such pretty Harmonies compose the Spheres ;
Wanton as unfledg'd Cupids, ere their Charms
Had learn'd the little arts of doing harms ;
Fair as young Cherubins, as soft and kind,
And tho translated could not be refin'd ;

The Seventh dear pledge the Nuptial Joys had
given,

Toil'd here on Earth, retir'd to rest in Heaven;

Where they the shining Host of Angels fill,

Spread their gay wings before the Throne, and
smile.

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A

P I N D A R I C

BY THE

H O N O U R A B L E

Edward Howard,

To Mrs. B.

Occasioned By a C O P Y she made

O N H I S

P L A Y,

C A L L E D

The New *Eutopia*.

I.

That Gift, which late you did bestow

Upon a Hapless Play,

The Bounties of your Wit does shew,

Flowing in numbers of your Verse,

Which like Rich Ornaments you cast away,

T' adorn some undeserving Herse,

S 2

Which

Which by Decree of Fate does fall
 Into Deaths Arms, tho by a rude and hasty Funeral.

2.

Your Wit, 'tis true, may well reprieve,
 What the less knowing can condemn,
 And Faction just Correction give,
 Should its bold Tongue your Muse Blasphe-
 me ;
 Tho 'tis too much in this you write,
 To seem to blush in black and white,
 Which were ingratitude in me to blame,
 Since I must glory in your gift of Fame ;
 As who would not of Death Ambitious be,
 If after he might boast to live,
 When Wit, and Beauty, both agree
 To Epitaph his Memory.

3. Fortune

3.

Fortune in wit prevails much more
 Than all its Charms and Arts,
 As some by chance, or trick do better start,
 Than they who run with skill and force,
 Where vigorous Spirit does maintain the course,
 Which your Muse justly might deplore,
 If scantily applauded of deserts;
 Tho its bright Triumphs to you bring
 Such Glorys, never any she could sing;
 While from the Copies of your wit and face,
 The Nine must their own Beauteous Figures
 grace.

4.

Would I implore again my hapless Muse,
 Invited by the Charms of yours,
 Themes of your Wit I were oblig'd to chuse,
 Ennobling thence my more ignoble Pow'rs;
 But since that Object is too great,
 I needs must yield to my defeat,
 Or Victory that's gotten by retreat;

S 3

To

To most, successful wit
 Proves like some Feaverish fitt,
 Who has a cold one near attending it.

5.

'Tis not the Vote, nor Faction of the Town,
 That shall (if you approve) condemn my
 Pen,
 Your Muse instructs the knowing part of
 Men;
 But I my humble thoughts lay down,
 With such submission, as you make
 The Captives, which your Wit and Beauty
 take;
 Yet dare not farther either hope or own.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

Jealous Lovers.

By Mrs. Behn, in 1682.

AND how, and how *Messieurs!* what do
you say

To our good Moderate, Conscientious Play?

Not Whig, nor Tory, here can take Offence;

It Libels neither *Patriot*, *Peer*, nor *Prince*.

Nor *Shrieve*, nor *Burgefs*, nor the Reverend *Gown*,

Faith here's no Scandal worth eight hundred
pound;

Your Damage is at most but half a Crown:

Only this difference you must allow,
 'Tis you receive th' Affront and pay us too,
 Wou'd *Rebell WARD* had manag'd matters }
 so.
 Here's no *Refle&ions* on *Damn'd* *Witnesses*,
 We scorn such out-of-Fash'on'd-things as these ; }
 They fail to be believ'd, and fail to please.
 No *Salamanca* Doctor-ship abus'd,
 Nor a Malicious *Statesman* here accus'd ;
 No Smutty Scenes, no intrigues up Stairs,
 That make your *City* *Wives* in Love with *Players*.
 But here are fools of every sort and Fashion, }
 Except *State-Fools*, the *Tools of Reformation*,
 Or *Cullys* of the *Court-Association*.
 And those *Originals* decline so fast,
 We shall have none to Copy by at last ;
 Here's *Jo*, and *Jack* a pair of whining Fools.
 And *Ligh* and *I* brisk Lavish keeping Fools.
 He's for *Mischief* all, and carry's it on
 With *Fawne* and *Sneere*, as *Jilting Whigg* has done.
 And like theirs too his *Projects* are o'rethrown.

OVID to JULIA.

A
LETTER,

By an Unknown Hand.

FAir Royal Maid, permit a Youth undone
To tell you how he drew his Ruin on;
By what degrees he took that Poison in,
That made him guilty of *Promethius* sin;
Who from the Gods durst steal Cœlestial fire,
And tho with less success, I did as high aspire.
Oh why ye Gods! was she of Mortal Race?
And why 'twixt her and me, was there so vast a
space?
Why was she not above my Passion made
Some Star in Heaven, or Goddess of the Shade?
And

And yet my haughty Soul cou'd ne'er have
bow'd

To any Beauty, of the common Crowd.

None but the Brow, that did expect a Crown
Cou'd Charm or Awe me with a Smile, or
Frown;

I had the Envy of th' *Arcadian* Plains,
Sought by the Nymphs, and bow'd to by the
Swains;

Where I pass'd, I swept the Fields along,
And gather'd round me all the gazing throng:

In numerous Flocks and Herds I did abound,
And when I spread my wanton wishes round,
They wanted nothing but my being Crown'd. }

Yet witness all ye spiteful Powers above,
If my Ambition did not spring from Love!

Had you my Charming *Julia* been less fair,
Less Excellent, less Conqu'ring than you are,
I had my Glorious Loyalty retain'd,
My Noble Blood untainted had remain'd,

Witness

Witness ye Groves, witness ye Sacred Powers!
 Ye shaded Rivers Banks, and Beds of Flowers,
 Where the expecting Nymphs have past their
 hours.

Witness how oft, all careless of their Fame,
 They languish'd for the Author of their flame,
 And when I came reproach'd my cold reserve;
 Ask'd for what Nymph I did my Joys preserve?
 What sighing Maid was next to be undone?

For whom I dress'd, and put my Graces on?
 And never thought, (tho I feign'd every proof
 Of tender Passion) that I lov'd enough.

While I with Love's variety was cloy'd;
 Or the faint pleasure like a Dream enjoy'd.

'Twas *Julia's* brighter Eyes my soul alone
 With everlasting gust, could feed upon.

From her first bloom my Fate I did pursue,
 And from the tender fragrant Bud, I knew
 The Charming Sweets it promis'd, when it Blew.

This gave me Love, and 'twas in vain I try'd
 The Beauty from the Princess to divide;

For

For he at once must feel, whom you inspire,
 A soft Ambition, and a haughty fire,
 And Hopes the Natural aid of young desire.
 My unconsidering Passion had not yet
 Thought your Illustrious Birth for mine too great,
 'Twas Love that I pursu'd, vast Love that leads
 Sometimes the equall'd slave, to Princes Beds.
 But I forgot that Sacred Flame must rest
 In your bright Soul, that makes th' Adorer blest;
 Your generous fire alone must you subdue,
 And raise the Humbler Lover up to you;
 Yet if by Chance m' Ambition met a stop,
 By any thought that check'd m' advancing hope,
 This new one straight would all the rest confound,
 How ev'ry Coxcomb aim'd at being Crown'd;
 The vain young Fool with all his Mothers parts,
 (Who wanted wit enough for little Arts,)
 With Crowds, and unmatch'd nonsense, lays a
 claim
 To th' Glorious title of a Sovereign;

And

And when for Gods such wretched things set up,
 Was it so great a crime in me to hope ?
 No Laws of Heaven, or Man my Vows reprove ;
 There is no Treason in Ambitious Love.
 That Sacred Antidote, i'th' poison'd Cup,
 Quells the Contagion of each little drop,
 I bring no Forces, but my sighs and tears,
 My Languishments, my soft complaints and Pray'rs,
 Artillery which I ne'r sent in vain,
 Nor Sail'd where e'er address't, to wound with
 pain :
 Here, only here! rebated they return,
 Meeting the sollid Armour of your Scorn ;
 Scorn ! By the Gods ! I any thing could bear,
 The Rough Fatigues and Storms of dangerous
 War ;
 Long Winters Marches, or the Summer heat,
 May even in Battel, from the Foe defeat ;
 Scars on my face, Scars, whose dull recompence,
 Would ne'er attone, for what they rob from
 thence.

Scandal

Scandal of Coward, nay half witted too,
Or siding with the Pardon'd Rebell Crew;
Or any thing but scorn,—and yet frown on,
Your Slave was destin'd thus to be undone.
You the Avenging Deity appear,
And I a Victim fall to all the injur'd Fair.

A
W A R N I N G
T O
L O V E R S.

How Men may be wiser than their Fore-Fathers.

Made by a Gentleman in *Bethlehem*.

When you this Title read, I know you'l
ask

Who 'tis that undertakes this weighty task?

Know then, 'tis I my self, thus boldly dare!

And now you are no wiser than you were,

Nor shall you be for me; for know, I prize,

At something higher rate than so, my Eyes:

For shou'd the Women know me, without doubt,

In Malice, and revenge, they'd scratch 'em out.

Take,

Take, if you will, for nothing, my advice,
If you won't, chuse, I'll ne'er ask you twice;

Contemn that gaudy Mischief, Woman-kind,
Infatiate as the Sea, false as the Wind;
Set out for Ruin, in gay flatt'ring Forms,
But rude, and as destructive too as Storms;
Ungenerous Cowards all, and do maintain
(As Cowards do, by lyes and Frauds,) a Name
Of their false Honour, here's the only test;
She that deceives you most, and jilts you best,
Sets up for Fame and Honour 'bove the rest;
Or she the most convenient Coxcomb finds,
Whom his own Folly, not her Conduct blinds.

This passes for discreet, because she can
Delude so long the doating keeping Man;
While the unthinking World mistakes the Cheat;
'Tis he's a Block-head, and not she a Wit.

Here a great Lord, imagin'd wife and nice
Thinks long-kept *Phyllis* chaste, as untouch'd Ice;

The Beauty, and the Vertue of the Town,
 To whom each Sonnet-making Fop is known,
 Of whom each scowring Spark is weary grown;
 While she retains the necessary Tool,
 Not 'cause she's Honest, but that he's a Fool.
 From the beginning, Men were Jilted all,
 Witness our first, our wise Original.

ADAM, to satisfy a Womans Lust,
 T' himself, and to his Heirs, was so unjust,
 He sold the most intire, and blest Estate,
 That Man e'er lavish'd, at the poorest rate;
 A trifling Apple; rather for a Core,
 The Jilt had eat the best of it before;
 And He, whom Heaven had made so Great and
 Wise,
 Was Cully'd out of Glorious Paradise.

DAVID was Pious, Wise, and Stout, yet
 lee,
 No Man was madder for a Wench than he;

A Loyal Subject's Faith he thus repay'd,
 First gave him Horns, and then his Life betray'd
 For a vain peevish Woman; by your Leave;
 Great Sir, this was to play both Fool and Knave.

King *SOLOMON* I find, in Holy Writ,
 Cry'd up for Mighty Parts, for wondrous Wit;
 Yet he to Women wholly bent his Mind,
 Passion, that worst of Errors, struck him blind;
 For Faithless Beauty, Heaven he did defie,
 And gave a loose to Love, and to Idolatry;
 The Petticoat did make this wond'rous Man,
 For all his Wisdom, put the Fools-coat on.

SAMPSON made Foxes, (by a subtil
 flight)

His Enemies, for all their wrongs, requite;
 And he mow'd down two, as the Story goes,
 With th' Jaw-bone of an Ass, a thousand foes;
 Yet Woman, who's a thing more trivial far
 Than that Jaw-bone, o'ercame this Man of War;

His

His Passion all his Secrets open laid,
And by a Whore the Heroe was betray'd.

SUSANNA'S Judges did deserve to die,
For their fond Doatage, not their Perjury ;
For since they did but 'gainst a Woman swear,
By Heaven, ten groats apiece was too severe ;
But since fond Love was itching in their Blood,
Damn the old *Fops*, a Halter was too good.

PARIS the Gods themselves esteem'd so
wise,
They made him Judge between three Deities ;
They bribe him high, all bribe him for the Prize ;
Pallas would Wisdom, *Juno* Kingdoms grant,
But *Venus* swore a Mifs' he should not want ;
To Charming *Helen* she the Swain would bring,
For whom the Youths of *Greece* were languishing:
Mad with his new-born hopes, her he presents,
Rewards her for the worst of Punishments ;
For a false *Woman*, *Wisdom* he refus'd,
And rather than a Crown, a Wench he chus'd.

The *Macedonian* Youth, whose Glorious Name
 Stands first recorded in the Book of *Fame*;
 He, who by Conquest all the World had won,
 By Fair Destructive *Woman* was undone,
 And all the Honours which his Youth did boast,
 His *Love*! his damn'd bewitching *Passion* lost.
 In a Debauch, at a lewd Whores desire,
 He set the Fam'd *Persopolis* on Fire.

Poor *T A R Q U I N*; I lament thy Fate,
 'bove all,
 That e'er were ruin'd thus! thy Noble Fall
 Forces my tears: for tho it were thy luck
 With this unhappy blindness to be struck;
 Yet thou didst scorn to Court a thing so base
 As feeble *Woman* for a fond Embrace,
 With whine and cringe, such as dull Coxcombs
 use,
 When Cunning and not Vertue does refuse:
Dear Cælia, hear your Lover, or I die,
If you will stab me to the heart, deny.

Such

Such Stuff disdain'd, resolv'd to win the Field,
He cry'd ! *I must enjoy, and you must yield.*

This Vigorous Youth long Sieges could not bear)

But, with his Dagger twisted in her hair, }

He did not *Parley*, but invade the *Fair*:

Great pity 'twas he was undone by this;

But she too stab'd her self, my comfort is.

Then all ye whining Fops, that e'er were
born,

If you would wiser be, these Vices scorn.

OUT OF
TJ BULLUS,
 BOOK III. ELEGY II.

By *H. Crisp*, Fellow of *Kings-College* in
CAMBRIDGE.

CRuel hard-hearted Man was he, who first
 Lovers from their dear soft Embraces
 forc'd;

He too, was a hard-hearted Man, who liv'd,
 Whodully liv'd, when of his Love depriv'd;

I ne'er will be that patient Coxcomb, I

Rob'd of my Mistris, will resolve to die:

Mean Souls may brook such injuries as these,

When *Calia's* gone, take up with *Doll*, or *Bess*;

Then all that's Woman-kind, alike can please;

But if the brave, and generous Lover lose

The Vertuous Darling Mistris of his Vows;

So great's the grief, so desperate the wound,
 No cure, but only in pale Death, is found.
 Sad is the truth I speak ; alas ! I own,
 My Life's a burden I would fain lay down ;
 Nor can that Man be truly said to live,
 The only bus'ness of whose life's to grieve :
 Wretched *Tibullus* die, a speedy fate
 Does best become thy hopeless lost estate ;
 But when I leave this hated Light, and go
 To those less cruel Regions below,
 With Hair dishevell'd in a mournful mien,
 Let fair *Næra* at my Grave be seen ;
 With her, her *Mother*, let 'em there bemoan
 A hapless *Husband*, and a slaughter'd *Son*.
 Thou weeping Stone, the dismal story tell,
 By what untimely Fate *Tybullus* fell ;
 And that my Love may never be forgot,
 Let this Inscription on my Tomb be wrought :

*Tibullus, when Næra was deny'd,
 Thought nothing here worth living for, and ly'd.*

Lesbia's Sparrow
OUT OF
CATULLUS.

By Mr. *Hen. Crisp*, Fellow of *Kings-College*,
CAMBRIDGE.

Prettiest of Birds, my *Lesbia's* Favourite,
Her tuneful Joy, her innocent delight;
Her sweet diversion; always to her Breast
Kindly admitted a most welcome Guest;
Oft with her fair fore-fingers gently stroke,
Would the thy eager Appetite provoke;
With thee my Bird, to quench her Amorous fire,
Lesbia, the brightest object of desire,
Would often, I remember, sport and play,
Beguile her passion, and deceive the day;

Then

I too, a happy partner of the Bliss,
 Could play with thee, when her I meant to
 kiss:

Thee much lov'd Bird, thee did I often find
 The best Physician of my Love-sick mind ;
 Grateful to me, as to the Coy swift *Maid*
 The Golden *Apple* was ; that *Apple* which be-
 tray'd,
 And drew the *Virgin*, to her Nuptial Bed.

OUT

OUT OF
CATULLUS.
THE
DEATH
OF
Lesbia's Sparrow.

By Mr. *Hen. Crisp*, of *Kings-College*
CAMBRIDGE.

Come all ye *Venuses*, ye *Cupids* all,
And whatsoe'er we gay or pretty call,
Come and lament my *Lesbia's Sparrow's* fall.
My *Lesbia's Sparrow's* dead! the sweetest Bird
The most delightful chirper e'er was heard;

So much the Darling of my Charming *Fair*;
 Scarce her own eyes were to her self more dear.
 No Child his Mother ever better knew
 Than he his *Mistress*, to whose Arms he flew,
 There dwelt, and bid his fellow-Birds adieu;
 There skipt about and plaid, and there was blest,
 Her downy Bosom was his only Nest;
 All her discourse to him he understood,
 And kindly answer'd in what voice he cou'd:
 But now he's gone, gone to his silent Urn,
 From whence, they say, none ever can return.
 Curse on ye all, ye darkeſt ſhades of Hell!
 Ye envious Shades, by you my *Sparrow* fell.
 Thus all the beſt, the prettieſt things we have,
 Are made the Plunder of the greedy Grave;
 Ah lovely hapleſs *Bird*! ſince thou art dead,
 With tears my *Lesbia*'s ſwelling Eyes look red.

Ovids

Ovids Amours;

BOOK I. ELEGY V.

CORINA ENJOYED.

By an Unknown Hand.

WArm was the Season, spent was half
the day,

Seeking repose, on softest Downe I lay ;

Part of the Window shut, part open was,

Just such a glim'ring light through Woods does
pass,

Such is the doubtful light, when sets the Sun,

Or day scarce risen, tho the night be gone ;

'Tis to such Light even bashful Virgins yield,

And Modestly will venture so conceal'd,

When lo *Corina* enter'd, loose her Gown,

Her hair was o'er her Beauteous Shoulders
thrown ;

So

So drest, 'tis said, the fair *Semiramis*
 Imbrac'd her Lover, and improv'd the Bliss;
 So bright, so charming, *Lais* did appear,
 If *Lais* self may be compar'd to her;
 I with kind force her gentle Robe remove,
 She to defend her secret Beauties strove;
 But so she strove, such faint resistance made,
 She encourag'd me more fiercely to invade;
 Her self at length she kindly did betray,
 Easie the Conquest was, and rich the Prey:
 But oh! When she before me naked stood,
 Heavens! how inflam'd in every vein, my blood
 Boundless, as was my Passion, overflow'd;
 What thoughts the blissful Object did inspire,
 Filling at once my wonder and desire;
 That Beauteous Shape I saw, those Limbs did feel
 Where Love, where all perfections seem'd to
 dwell;
 Her Bosom did a Scent more grateful yield,
 Than ever blest the sweetest flowery field;

Soft

Soft were the downy Pillows of her Breast,
 And fit by happy Lovers to be prest ;
 Her Belly did in tempting Beauty spread,
 And like some swelling Plain it self display'd ;
 At such a sight, whose Courage would not rise ?
 So white a Neck, such Arms, such youthful
 Thighs :

What e'er I touch'd and saw, was all Divine ;
 Amazing Beauty in each part did shine ;
 I prest her lovely Body close to mine.
 The rest you know, grant ye kind Gods, that I
 such happy Noons may every day enjoy.

OUT OF
PROPERTIUS,
BOOK III. ELEGY XIV.

ON
His Imperious Mistress.

By Mr. *Hen. Crisp*, of *Kings-College*
CAMBRIDGE.

HER Letter comes at Mid-night, and a-
way

To *Tiber* summons me, without delay ;
What shall I do, thro' darkest shades of Night
Shall I, a daring Lover, take my flight ?
Shall I all dangers for my Love despise ;
Or less my Safety than my Mistress prize ?
What did I see ! oh my unmanly fear !
As if I cou'd be safe, when from my dear :

'Tis

'Tis only dangerous to disobey,
 My fears for that foul sin, must sadly pay;
 I disobey'd her once, and Banish'd was,
 A whole long tedious twelve Month, from her
 face;
 For as there's none than *Cynthia* more fair,
 So none than *Cynthia* can be more severe.
 I'll go! what Cruel Barbarous Man would hurt
 A harmless Lover? or prevent his sport?
 Me the kind Moon, the Stars will me direct,
 Me *Cupid*, and the Queen of Love protect:
 The Dogs, while I to *Cynthia* go, forget
 Their native fierceness, and no longer bite;
 Lovers at any time, in any place,
 May to their Mistress securely pass:
 What Villain's he, his Impious hands who
 stains
 I'th' little Blood left in a Lovers Veins?
 But yet suppose the worst of things, suppose
 (If Innocence has any such) my Foes

Assault and slay me, and a certain Fate
 On the unhappy Wanderer should wait,
 'Tis such a death that I would gladly die,
 'Tis such a death, with all I'm worth, I'd buy,
 So dying, none can be so blest as I.
 Then shall I be my dearest *Cynthia's* care.
 She'll bury me, and then at least she'll shed a
 tear.

 U

A

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A

PASTORAL
To Mr. *Stafford*,

Under the Name of

SILVIO,

ON HIS
TRANSLATION
OF THE

Death of *Camilla*:

OUT OF,

VIRGIL.

By Mrs. *BEHN*.

Thirsis and *Amarillis*.

Thirsis.

WHY *Amarillis* dost thou walk alone,
And the gay pleasures of the Mea-
dows shun?

Why

Why to the silent Groves dost thou retire,
 When uncompell'd by the Suns scorching fire ?
 Musing with folded Arms, and down-cast look,
 Or pensive yield to thy supporting *Hook* :
 Is *Damon* safe ? and has his Vows betray'd,
 And born the Trophies to some other Maid ?

Amarillis.

The Gods forbid I should survive to see
 The fatal day he were unjust to me.
 Nor is my Courage, or my Love so poor
 T'out-live that Scorn'd, and miserable hour ;
 Rather let *Wolves* my new-yea'd Lambs devour }
 Wither ye Verdant Grasse, dry up ye Streams,
 And let all Nature turn to vast extreams :
 In Summer let the Boughs be cale and dry,
 And now gay Flowers the wandring Spring
 supply, }
 But with my *Damons* Love, | Let all that's charm-
 ing die. }

Thirsis.

Why then this dull retreat, if he be true,
 Or, *Amarillis*, is the change in you ?
 You love some Swains more rich in Herds and
 Flocks,
 For none can be more powerful in his looks;
 His shape, his meen, his hair, his wondrous face,
 And on the Plains, none dances with his Grace;
 'Tis true, in *Piping* he does less excell.

Amarillis.

The Musick of his *Voice* can Charm as well,
 When tun'd to words of Love, and sighs among,
 With the soft tremblings of his bashful tongue,
 And *Thirsis*, you accuse my Faith in vain,
 To think it wavering, for another Swain;
 'Tis admiration now that fills my soul,
 And does ev'n love suspend, if not controul.
 My thoughts are solemn all, and do appear
 With wonder in my Eyes, and not despair !

My

My heart is entertain'd with silent Joys,
And I am pleas'd above the Mirth of Noise.

Thirsis.

What new-born pleasure can divert you so,
Pray let me hear, that I may wonder too.

Amarillis.

Last night, by yonder purling stream I stood,
Pleas'd with the murmurs of the little Flood,
Who in its rapid glidings bore away
The fringing Flow'rs, that made the Bank so gay,
Which I compar'd to fickle *Swains*, who invade
First this, then that deceiv'd, and yielding *Maid*:
Whose flattering Vows an easie passage find,
Then unregarded leave 'em far behind,
To sigh their Ruin to the flying Wind. }
So the solid flow'rs their rifled *Beautes* hung,
While the triumphant Ravisher passes on.
This while I sighing view'd, I heard a voice
That made the Woods, the Groves, and Hills re-
joyce.

Who echo'd back the charming sound again,
 Answering the Musick of each softning strain,
 And told the wonder over all the Plain.

Young *Silvio* 'twas that tun'd his happy Pipe,
 The best that ever grac'd a Shepherds Lip!

Silvio of Noble Race, yet not disdains
 To mix his harmony with Rustic Swains.

To th' humble Shades th' *Illustrious Youth* re-
 sorts,

Shunning the false delights of gaudy Courts,
 For the more solid happiness of Rural sports.
 Courts which his *Noble Father* long pursu'd,
 And serv'd till he out-serv'd their gratitude.

Thirsis.

Oh *Amarillis*, let that tale no more
 Remembred be on the *Arcadian Shore*,
 Left Mirth should on our Meads no more be found,
 But *Stafford's* Story should throughout resound,
 And fill with pitying cries the Echoes all around.

Amarillis

Amarillis.

Arcadia keep your peace, but give me leave,
 Who knew the *Heroes* *Loyalty*, to grieve;
 Once *Thirsis*, by th' *Arcadian* Kings Commands,
 I left these Shades, to visit forein Lands;
 Imploy'd in public toils of State Affairs,
 Unusual with my Sex, or to my Years;
 There 'twas my chance, so Fortune did ordain,
 To see this great, this good, this God-like Man:
 Brave, Pious, Loyal, Just, without constraint,
 The Soul all *Angell*, and the Man a *Saint*;
 His temper'd mind no Passion e'er inflam'd,
 But when his *King* and *Countrey* were profan'd;
 Then oft I've seen his generous blood o'er spread
 His awful face, with a resenting Red,
 In Anger quit the Room, and would disdain
 To herd with the *Rebellious Publican*.
 But *Thirsis* 'twould a worship'd Volume fill,
 If I the *Heroes* wondrous Life should tell;

His Vertues were his Crime, like *God* he bow'd
 A necessary Victim to the frantick Croud ;
 So a tale sheltring *Oak* that long had stood,
 The mid-days shade, and glory of the *Wood* ;
 Whose aged boughs a reverence did command,
 Fell lop'd at last by an Ignoble hand :
 And all his branches are in pieces torn,
 That *Victors* grac'd, and did the *Wood* adorn.
 —With him young *Silvio*, who compos'd his Joys,
 The darling of his Soul and of his Eyes,
 Inheriting the Vertues of his *Sire*,
 But all his own is his Poetic fire ;
 When young, the *Gods* of *Love*, and *Wit* did grace
 The pointed, promis'd Beautys of his face,
 Which ripening years did to perfection bring,
 And taught him how to *Love*, and how to *Sing*.

Thirsis.

But what dear *Amarillis*, was the Theam
 The Noble *Silvio* Sung by yonder Stream ?

Ana.

Amarillis.

Not of the *Shepherds*, nor their Rural *Loves*,
 The Song was Glorious tho 'twas sung in Groves !
Camilla's Death the skilful *Youth* inspir'd,
 As if th' Heroic *Maid* his Soul had fir'd ;
 Such life was in his Song, such heat, such flight,
 As he had seen the Royal *Virgin* fight.
 He made her deal her wounds with Graceful Art,
 With vigorous Air fling the unfailing Dart,
 And form'd her Courage to his own great heart.
 Never was fighting in our *Sex* a Charm,
 Till *Silvio* did the bright *Camilla* Arm ;
 With Noble Modesty he shews us how
 To be at once *Hero*, and *Woman* too.
 Oh Conquering *Maid* ! how much thy Fame has
 won,
 In the *Arcadian* Language to be sung,
 And by a Swain so soft, so sweet, so young.

Thirsis.

Thirsis.

Well hast thou spoke the noble *Silvio's* Praise,
 For I have often heard his charming lays;
 Oft has he blest the Shades with strains Divine,
 Took many a *Virgins* heart, and Ravish'd mine.
 Long may he sing in every Field and Grove,
 And teach the Swains to Pipe, the *Maids* to Love.

Amarillis.

Daphnis, and *Colin* Pipe not half so well;
 E'en *Dions* mighty self he does excell;
 As the last Lover of the *Muses*, blest,
 The last and young in Love are always best;
 And *She* her darling Lover does requite
 With all the softest Arts of Noblest *Wit*.

Thirsis.

Oh may he dedicate his Youth to her!
 Thus let 'em live, and love upon the square,

But

But see *Alexis* homeward leads his Flock,
And brouzing Goats descend from yonder Rock;
The Sun is hasting on to *Thetis* Bed,
See his faint Beams have streak'd the Sky with
Red.

Let's home e'er night approach, and all the way,
You shall of *Silvio* sing, while I will play.

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T O

L Y S A N D E R.

LY S A N D E R having by chance met with a small Piece in French, Intituled Moral Reflections; and finding many things concerning Virtue, something contrary to your Notions of it, (fond of convincing all your little Errors of Judgment) I gave my self the Liberty (I cannot say Trouble) of putting it into English, as there is not one Sentence but is applicable to some body or other, so you will find many that will touch your self: and many more that I doubt not but you will lay at my door, especially any Satyr on our Sex: but since there is wherewithal to quit Scores, do your worst. I know too well you have abundance of Gravity, to the loss and destruction of many an honest hour, which might have been past more gayly if you had pleased to have laid by that (sometimes necessary) humour; and that face
of

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of dull business, enough to mortifie all thoughts of Mirth about one. I know you have a great deal of that which my Reflections tell you passes for Vertue, nay even your self it deludes with that Opinion, as well as the World: you should be a Lover too, if one will believe you or your Complexion; and to my knowledge you have goodness enough to pardon all the faults you will find here, at least you dissemble it well, and that will do as well. These Motives, joyned to the desire I have to let you see you are more in my head than you imagine, oblige me to chuse you from out the number of my few Friends, to address this part of my handy-work to; called Seneca Unmasq'd: whether good or bad you have them almost as I found them; but if it be necessary that I should render them acceptable by some better recommendation than barely telling you I translated them: I give you to understand they are charged on a Great Man, and a great Wit of the French Court, the Duke of Rushaucave, but since I always distrust the general voice, 'tis enough that the World has fixt 'em on him, to make me think that he knows nothing of 'em. So much for the original as to the Copy, (which I have drawn purely

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purely out of complacence to you, I can only say if it do not extremely resemble the Original, at least for ought I know it may be as good a Piece: and that may pass as well. I would give you my sentiments of the whole, but that I am afraid of shewing my self a Critick; but no matter, I am so us'd to be impertinent in Lylanders Company that 'twill appear no more strange than what he is entertained with every time I have the happiness of seeing him: where his grave silence, and scarcity of speaking (afflicting enough to me) gives me an occasion to run into the other Extream of talking all, purely to prevent a dumb Entertainment, for which I have many times met with wise Reproofs, as tis very likely I may now, and which will as little work upon the temper of a Woman of my humour, as Mercy to a hardened Whig: but I was going to tell you my opinion, and you are like to hear it; which is

That these Maxims, as 'tis easie to find at first sight, were not design'd to be made pubuck, neither by the Author, nor your humble servant: (only by the last, for your entertainment, if you think it fit to esteem it one) neither

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ther the one nor the other aspiring here to the Glory of an Author: yet if it hapned that both have unwillingly contributed to their being exposed to the World, let me tell you, 'twill spoil neither of our Reputations: since we both of us pretend to some other Pieces, that have indured the Test, and passed for Good and Currant Wit. you will say, perhaps, I boast now, and take too great a Presumption on me, to name my self with this supposed great Author! but as to that 'tis no wonder for an Author to praise himself, and extol his own works: how else do you think witty things should be recommended to the unjudging part of the World, who by no other way can understand the true value of a thing: but if the Author himself vouches for it; why (they civilly cry) it must needs be good, for the Poet says so, and who can tell better than him that made it? Well then, suppose it, the Duke of Rushfaucaue's Original, and I speaking for him, and my self, in praise of it; which if you will believe me, (as you seldom do) I promise you, you will find here all the force and judgment of elevated thought (if I have not paul'd it in the part I managed, as 'tis very likely, being as you know

very)

The Preface.

very unlucky) a Circle of pretty Expressions and Observations, accompanied with a certain Air Gallant, which is not usual with common Writers; 'tis true, you will not find that exact Order which might have been observed in the placing of 'em, and as one might have taken care to have done if designed for publick view; but for Persons who write as Monsieur the Duke and I, (at this time) did, purely for Idleness, and our own Lazy Diversion (I can speak of nothing under Monsieur the Duke and I.

I think they are not concerned in such a Case to follow Rules and Methods, it being as unnecessary where People write but to ease their minds, and just as things fall into their thoughts, as to make set Speeches in Love, and study for Eloquence when there is none in Love like that of Love it self: no, at this time we left Rule and Order to those who write for advantage: the Dramatick poor Devils that depend on the uncertain Humours of the Stage and Town; or the Great who write for Honour, and make so dead a Trade of Wit, and are a sort of Interlopers who run away with all the Glorious Game that others toil in vain for. This Irregularity and

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disorder

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disorder nevertheless has its Graces, and those Graces which Art cannot imitate, I know not whether you will be of my Opinion or not, but Lysander, if you are I ought to take it for the greater Favour, since you so seldom are so: but for my part I must own I always prefer that unstudied, and undesigned way of writing (tho not so approved of by the Learned) which is used by a Courtier who has Wit, as that of the late Lord Rochester and present Lord Mulgrave to the Regularities tortured, and wrack'd, by many other stiff Writers, whose Judgment is better than their Wit or Natural Fancy; all which are to admiration found in all the Writings of the above-named Great Men, as also in those little chance things of Sir Carr. Scroope, whose natural softness so infinitely exceeded all the flights and Industry of most of those who make a business of it, tho every where I must except the Charming and Incomparable Mr. Dryden, where wondrous wit, and wondrous meeting they have given him the Glory of having out-done all Ages past, and undone those that shall arrive. But as I said, there is nothing that a Witty Man of Quality says or writes (who scorns the Mechanick part
the

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the drudgery of dull Method) but has an Air of Gallantry, a tenderness Graceful, a softness unaffected, and an easiness animatable; and if there be Art, it lies so delicately veiled under natural expressions, as 'tis not at all discernable; while this exactness of Rule, which all Poets so boast of, (and which the best do not always pursue) has always in it an Air of stiffness and constraint harsh and disrelishable, and 'tis as easie to discern what belongs to a Man of Quality and Wit, and what to a trading Poet, as to distinguish a Citizen by his mien and dress from a Courtier tho all about him be as Rich and Fashionable as on the other; and doubtless the real Beauty of Poetry is, when Art disguises her self under natural appearances, and that's the Talent of Easie and Noble Writing, when 'tis like the description of Armidas Palace as Tasso describes it, says he, Art has no share in this admirable Structure; Nature forming all the Place as if it were by chance, knows so well how to imitate the exactness of Art, that the Eye deceived with a fair Illusion, believes 'tis Art that follows the Dictates of Nature. This I could have given you in Verse if I had had a mind to it: but this will serve as well.

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And this is my Opinion of the following Reflections in general: but what's my Opinion to you? we never accorded in that point hitherto, and you'll go near to carp at some of these Reflections for all my Opinion, and say many of 'em want weight, most of em wit, abundance of 'em Truth, and that they all tax even Virtue it self; but I believe neither the Author nor your assured friend had any such Malice to Mankind: tho he represents to you, that there are very few Virtues very pure in the World, and that in the greatest part of our Actions, there is a mixture of Error, and Truth, of Perfection, and Imperfection, of Vice and of Virtue. He finds the heart of villanous Man corrupted by Pride, and Self-love, and surrounded with ill examples; and as in Towns besieged, the Governor wanting Money makes it of Leather or Past-board, which bearing the Royal Image impressed of good and currant Money, passes at that rate amongst the Besieged in time of necessity, and for want of Gold or Silver: So do the Actions of the greatest part of Mankind, which are esteemed Virtuous, when most commonly they have but the image and bare resemblance of it: nevertheless

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less they have their value, and appear worthy (in some degree) of our esteem; it being a most difficult thing to meet with better, according to the course of the World; and indeed my Author does wisely believe there is no Vertue true in Man, if you consider him in his Humane Nature. Nor is he alone of that Opinion. But if I did not fear to boast of too much Learning for my Sex, I could cite you many Authors, as well Fathers of the Church as great Saints, who were of Opinion that Self-love, Interest, and Pride, was the cause of the most Glorious Actions of the greatest Heroes of the World. Who applauded the Chastity of Lucretia (whom all the World now celebrates for a Vertuous Woman) till they made it a subject of private Revenge, and the occasion of the Liberty of Rome? and which drew the wonder of so many Ages. Do you think it was Virtue in Junius Brutus to Sacrifice his own Sons to set up a Commonwealth? Or that the last Brutus Murdered his supposed Father Julius Cæsar, meerly from the Dictates of Virtue? which appears to me no other than Self-love, or Ambition; and after Ages may as well celebrate the Actions of a Modern Prince for Vertuous; which

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in ours to all good Men appears a Monstrous Ingratitude and Folly; yet had he been almost Deified with the new Saints, and Male-contents if his Designs had taken effect. Nay this sort of Vertue is so wide (with the greatest part of the People) from the appearance of Vice, that the delusion has even blinded the Ambitious deceiver himself, who is I believe so far from perceiving the Cheat, even in his own heart, so distant from the thought that his Treason is a Vice, that he really is persuaded 'tis a Meritorious Vertue: and possibly he may have advanced so far in this dull Error that he may really fancy that 'tis more to justify his Vertue that he plays the ungrateful Traitor than to attain to the Glory of Empire; and there are thousands who will like him be abused into the same Error, blinded with the appearance of Vertue and Religion: so that 'tis not only the Error of the Heathens, but even those who have the advantage of professing Christ. Do you think Seneca who made his wise Man equal with the Gods was wise himself? or that he could impose that belief on others? in spite of his Pride he would confess 'twas impossible to find a Vertue so accomplished in Man, and that the most perfect

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fect amongst Men was he who had the least faults: he was of that belief that Socrates himself was subject to Reproach, for that he had but a feigned friendship for Plato and Aristotle: that they were Covetous, that Epicurus was Prodigal, and Voluptuous; but yet he says at the same time, that we should be too happy if we could but attain to the knowledge to be able to follow their Vices: this Grave Philosopher had reason to say so much of his friends, who was so happy to laugh, as he did, at all Worldly Blessings, as Honours, Pleasures, &c. Seeming to despise them, and yet to see himself Master of the Empire, as well as of the Emperor, and at the same time a lover of the Empress; to have Glorious Palaces, delightful Gardens, and all the joys of Magnificence and Love to use at his Pleasure. I should have loved to have been a Philosopher at this rate, and could be contented amidst such an abundance, to have recommended and extoll'd Moderation and Poverty to the World; whilst Riches, Power, and Love attended my desire; tell me, dear Lysander, do you think that this Learned Stoic who feigned so well to master his Passions, had not some Vices conceal'd under his Vertues?

or

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Or when he cut his Veins (when commanded to kill himself by the Emperor) do you think he did not more than once repent that he had not killed his Disciple, when in his power, that compelled him to it? and by His Death have prevented his own? Yes doubtless he did. Observe but the false bravery of this Man whose steady Vertue has been and is so cry'd up in the World, and you will see notwithstanding his great Reasonings of the Immortality of the Soul, what mighty pains he took to appear above the fear of death; he mustered up all his force to make a good show (as did a Modern Hero lately) he bit his tongue for fear he should confess that Death had a Sting; he who pretended that Reason can make a Man incapable of Suffering, instead of humbling his Pride, he raised it above a Deity. He would much more have obliged us to have freely and frankly confessed the corruption and weakness of Mans heart, than to have taken so much pains to have deceived us. The Author of these Reflections does not cheat us so, he exposes to light all the failings and frailties of Man: he shews that in spite of all the efforts of his Sense and Reason, that Pride and Self-love

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Love hide themselves in his heart, and from thence diffuse their Poison, unperceivably, into every of his Motions. Now perhaps you will be positive and assure me, that you know by experience a Man may be generous and good without design of Interest, or any other regard than to that of Goodness. Not considering the good or the ill, but meerly out of a natural generous goodnes of the heart which leads you (without thinking) to that which is good: would I could believe this of any Man that boasts it upon his word; and that 'twere true that humane Nature had but reasonable Motions, and that all our Actions were but naturally Virtuous: but how can we reconcile such a belief to the Opinion of the Fathers of the Church, who have asserted that all our Virtues are but imperfect, that our Will being born blind, our desires blind, and our conduct blind, 'tis no wonder that Man who wanders in so much darkness should often rove, stumble, and fall: They say that all the wisdom of Man is not able to foresee what shall happen; how then shall he be able to prevent it? what humane force is able to defend it self from an unwarning Enemy? how then shall we prevent an evil? Why,

Y

you'll

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you'll say, by resolution : but, as I said before, self-love is so mixed with every motion of the soul that one cannot resolve without calling that to Counsel, and that can suffer nothing to hurt it self : that always insensibly debauches the Will, and you must take your Will along with you or you can do nothing : you'll say your temperance shall guide you, but there's so much self-love even in temperance that that can neither resolve nor condemn but what self-love permits, and secretly, even unknown to your own Reason approves. In fine, fix your resolve on what you will, you will if you with unbiassed judgment examine it, find self-love enough there to debauch your nicest Virtue ; at least to find there is an allay of self-love that renders it not so pure as it ought ; upon this subject I could enlarge much, but this is enough to put you upon tedious dispute for a larger time than I am willing to lose on so dull a subject, therefore I commit 'em to your serious consideration, assuring you they have this good quality, that the more you look, the more you'll like, I wish I could say so much of,

LYSANDER,

Your real Friend and Servant

ASTREA.

SENECA

UNMASQUED,

O R,

Moral Reflections.

FROM THE

FRENCH:

By Mrs. A. B.

*Our Vertues are for the most part but
Vice disguised.*

I.

THat which we take for Virtue, is most commonly but a mixture of divers Actions, and of several Interests, which Fortune, or our Industry knows how to set in order, and 'tis not Courage that makes a

Y 2

Man

Man Brave, nor Chastity that makes a Woman Honest.

2.

The great and splendid Actions which dazzle and amuse the wondring Crowd, and which are represented by Politicians as great and glorious Designs, are indeed the effects of Humour, and private Passions. As the War of *Augustus* and *Mark Anthony*, (which served and managed their Ambition, only to make themselves Masters of the Universe) was no other perhaps than an effect of Jealousie.

3.

Men are not only subject to forget good deeds, and Injuries, but they even bear a secret hate to those that have most obliged them, and are often kind to those that have done 'em outrages; and the business of recompensing the good, and revenging the ill, is a slavery they hate to undergo.

4.

The Clemency of Princes is usually but a Policy to gain the Love of their Subjects.

5.

Clemency, which is made a Virtue, is commonly

monly praised out of Vanity, sometimes out of
Laziness, oft times out of Fear, and for the most
part by all three together.

6.

6. The Temper which we so admire in happy
persons, proceeds from the Calm which good
Fortune procures 'em only, which puts 'em in
Humour.

7.

Moderation is the effects of a fear we have
of being envied, and of falling under that con-
tempt which they deserve, who are infatuated
with their own good Fortune. It is a vain boast
of the strength of their Wisdom; and Temper in
Men in their highest exaltation is only a pride
and desire to appear greater than what has raised
them.

8.

That which is called Constancy in the Grave
and Wife, is only an Art to conceal the Sentiments
of their hearts.

9.

We have all strength enough to bear the mis-
fortunes of others.

10.

Those that are condemned to Death most times affect a Constancy, and contempt of Death, which is in effect a Vizarding of their sentiments, and is in reality an effect of fear rather, which they disguise to flatter themselves and gain even then an Opinion from the Crowd.

11.

Philosophy easily triumphs over Ills past and Ills to come, but present Ills triumph over that.

12.

Very few persons rightly apprehend Death, they do not suffer it from their Courage, but from a Stupidity, and all Men, even *Seneca* himself, died because he could not avoid it.

13.

When great Men suffer themselves to languish under the continuation of a misfortune, they are rather supported by the power and strength of their Ambition than that of their Souls.

14. We

14.

We want more Vertue to support our good fortune, than our ill.

15.

We very often boast of the most Criminal Passion, but that of Envy is so Ungenerous and Shamefull a Passion we never dare own it.

16.

Jealousie is in some Persons just and reasonable, because it tends to the preservation of what is dear to us, or what we believe at least belongs to us, but Hatred is a madness that will not endure to see others happy.

17.

The Ills we act do not draw upon us so great afflictions and hatred, as our Virtues and Merits.

18.

We have more strength than wit, and oftentimes to excuse our selves to our selves we imagine things impossible.

Y 4

18. Our

19.

Our own Vices make us so severe and Satyrical
on the remarques we take of those in others.

20.

We promise according to our hopes, and per-
form according to our fears.

21.

Interest speaks all sorts of Languages, and acts
all sorts of Persons, even to self-denial; nay, we
flatter even those who have no interest at all.

22.

Interest that blinds one, is the light of ano-
ther.

23.

Those who apply themselves to little trivial af-
fairs make themselves incapable of great under-
takings.

24.

We have not power enough to follow all our
Reason.

25. Men

25.

Men often think they govern themselves with Wisdom and Conduct, when at the same time they have so blind a sight as not to perceive they are governed by others, and while his Wisdom and Interest leads him to one Design, his heart insensibly Conducts him to another.

26.

Force, and weakness of Wit, are mistaken names, which are but in effect the good or ill dispositions of the Organs of the Body.

27.

The Caprices of our Humours are more inconstant than those of Fortune.

28.

Fancy sets the Rate on things, and we value all the advantages Fortune brings, according to our Humours.

29.

True happiness is in the Gust of a thing, not in the thing it self, and to possess the Person my Love renders Lovely, is to me the height of Felicity,

licity, and not the Person another thinks Charming.

30.

One is never so happy or unhappy as one thinks.

31.

They who believe themselves most Meritorious esteem it a Glory to be unfortunate, both to persuade others and themselves that they alone are worthy to be the mockery and object of the capris of Fortune, and are proud and vain of suffering.

32.

Nothing ought to lessen our satisfaction and the opinion we have of our selves so much as the inconstancy of our Tempers, and to find we love and approve at one time, what we are cold to, and disapprove at another.

33.

Whatsoever difference may appear to be in Mens Fortunes, yet there is still an ill to allay the good, and some good to recompence the ill, which renders all equal.

34.

What advantages soever Nature bestows in
Courage;

Courage, Beauty, Wit, and Virtue, 'tis not those,
but Fortune alone that makes a Hero.

35.

The Scorn and Contempt of Riches among the Philosophers, was but a hidden desire to revenge themselves on the injustice of Fortune, by seeming to despise what that deprives 'em of; 'tis a secret to cure themselves of those Reproaches and Contempts which Poverty brings, and the best way to defend 'em from the consideration and desire of Riches.

36.

To hate the Favourite is no other than to be in love with Favour; and they comfort and please themselves with the contempt of what they cannot enjoy, and denying those their respect whom they are not able to deprive of their Honour, they withdraw from the World; whilst their sullenness and ill-natur'd Pride passes for Vertue.

37.

To be well established in the World, one ought to appear as if one were already well established there.

38.

Tho Men flatter themselves with the greatness
and

and bravery of their Actions, yet they are not so often the effects of great design, as they are of chance or hazard.

39.

Our Actions seem to be influenced by the lucky unlucky aspect of our Stars, to which we owe a great part of the Praise, or dispraise that is given us, and not to Merit.

40.

There is no Accident so unfortunate from which a Person of Wit and Industry will not draw an advantage, nor none so lucky but imprudent People may turn to their prejudice.

41.

Fortune disposes all things to the advantage of those she favours.

42.

The happiness or unhappiness of Men depend more on their Humour than Fortune.

43.

Sincerity is an opening and frankness of the Soul which is rarely to be found, and that Friendship so in fashion, is only dissembled to draw a confidence and secret from another.

44. The

44.

The aversion we seem to have for Lying, Deceit, Cunning, and Hypocrisie, is only to render what we say and do our selves the more considerable, and to procure for our selves that respect we pay the Just and Religious.

45.

Truth it self does not so much good, or appears so grateful to the World as the appearance of it only does ill.

46.

There is no praise so great as what we give to prudence ; yet great as its Vertue is it cannot assure us of a just moderation and evenness in our tempers, because 'tis applyed to Man who is the most inconstant thing in Nature.

47.

A discreet Man ought to regulate the course of his designs, and to model them into good order, for our greedy desires often perplex and make us undertake too many things at once : and while we aim at that of the least importance, we neglect those the most considerable.

48. The

48.

The handsome Mien and genteel Carriage of the Body is as advantageous as the understanding of the mind.

49.

Silence is the surest friend to him who stands at defiance with himself.

50.

To reconcile our selves to our Enemy is only a politick design to render our condition better, after the fatigues of War, or fears of ill chance.

51.

Our own mistrusts and Jealousies justify the cheats of another.

52.

Every body complains of his want of memory: but few, or none, of their want of Judgment.

53.

There are of those seemingly diligent and busy Coxcombs, who are eternally pressing and vexing even those they know unfit for business, only that without Scandal they may be lazy themselves.

54. The

54.

The Ambitious never shew greater marks of Pride than when they have mist of their end whereto they aspired.

55.

To undeceive a Man pre-possessed of his own Merit, renders him as ill a turn, as he did the *Athenian* Fool, who fancied all the Ships in the Haven belonged to him.

56.

The Aged love to give good Precepts, only to comfort themselves for being not in an estate to give ill Examples.

57.

A great and glorious Title to a Coxcomb serves but to render him the more despicable.

58.

The greatest mark of an extraordinary Merit, is to find even those that envy them, praise 'em.

59.

'Tis a great mistake to think Wit, and Judgment

ment two different things. Judgment is only the great Light of the Mind: this Light penetrates into the depth of things, there it remarques all that one ought to observe, and discovers those things that seem not to be perceived, so that 'tis this light of the Mind which produces all those effects that are attributed to Wit.

60.

He that consults his own, heart dares not applaud his own Wit.

61.

Refined Wit consists in thinking and speaking things smooth, and excellent.

62.

The excellence of Wit, is to flatter after an agreeable manner.

63.

Those pieces that appear the most finisht and perfect to our Judgments, cannot be by the most witty accomplish'd without a great deal of Toil and Artifice.

64.

Wit is the Folly of the heart.

65. 'Tis

65.

'Tis not all those who know their wit know
their heart.

66.

Men and their affairs must have different perspectives, there are those who must see near at hand to judge well, and others who can never judge so well as at a distance.

67.

He is not reasonable who takes his measures from Chance, but he who knows 'em, discerns 'em, and proves 'em.

68.

To understand things well one ought to understand particulars, and they are almost infinite, so our knowledge is superficial and imperfect.

69.

'Tis a foolish gayity to take notice of things that put others to the blush.

70.

Wit cannot play long upon a good natur'd person.

Z

71. Youth

'Tis

71.

Youth changes its Palate by its heat of blood,
and old Age preserve theirs by long Custom.

72.

One gives nothing so liberally as Counsel.

73.

The defects of Wit increase in growing old as
well as those of the Face.

74.

There are good Marriages, but few happy or
delightful.

75.

We cannot indure to be abus'd by our Ene-
mies, nor betray'd by our Friends; yet we are ve-
ry well pleas'd when we cozen and cheat our
selves.

76.

'Tis very easie to cheat ones self, and never
take notice of it, but hard to cheat another with-
out being found out.

77. There

There is nothing less sincere than those that take and give Counsel; he that asks it, seems to submit himself with respect to the advice of his friend; when at the same time his design and Vanity is to have his friend approve and admire his conduct, and he that Counsels, gives it in all appearance with an uninterested zeal, when indeed 'tis only a Pride to shew his power, or some advantage and glory he seeks.

78.

The most artful of all Subtilty is to feign being taken in the Snare that's laid for you, for a Man is never so easily deceiv'd, as when he thinks to deceive others.

80.

Our intention never to deceive, renders us the more *liable* and easie to be deceived.

81.

We are so accustomed to dissemble, that we often jilt our selves.

82.

We do as often commit Treason through weakness and folly, as through wickedness or design.

Z 2

83. We

83.

We oftner do good to have the better pretence
to cover our ill, than for Charity, or Vertue.

84.

He loses much satisfaction, who does not both
flatter himself, and is not flattered by others.

85.

The wisest Men are ever condemning the subtil-
ty and cunning of others, that they may the better
serve themselves upon all great designs and in-
terests.

86.

He that makes a Trade of Cunning deals in
very little Wit; 'tis a poorness of Spirit and is still
discovered in one place, tho it be succesful in a-
nother.

87.

Treason, and Cunning are both the effects of
want of Judgment.

88.

The true way to be deceived is to fancy you
have more cunning than another.

89. Too

89.

Too great Subtilty is a false discretion; but true Wisdom is a solid and moderate Subtilty.

90.

'Tis very expedient sometimes to appear dull, to avoid being deceived by a Person of Wit.

91.

Folly is the only fault incorrigible.

92.

'Tis easier to be wiser for others than for our selves.

93.

The only good Copy is that which shews the Ridicule and Faults of an ill Original.

94.

We are never so ridiculous by the qualities we have by Nature, as we are by those we affect to have.

95.

We are oftentimes farther from knowing our selves than we are from that of others.

96.

One seldom speaks, but for the vanity of speaking.

97.

Rather than not be speaking one will speak ill of ones self.

98.

That which makes so few appear witty in conversation is, that there is scarce one who thinks before he speaks, which is the reason he seldom answers to purpose to what is said, the wisest, and most complaisant are content to be attentive; yet at the same time even in those you may observe in their eyes and their minds as it were a kind of eagerness of speaking, as if they were impatient to be shewing their wit and parts: and to hear with patience, and answer aptly, is the greatest perfection of Conversation.

A witty person would be often disappointed
but for the company of fools.

We often boast we are never dull, and yet we
are too proud to own we keep company with
Coxcombs.

As 'tis the character of a great Wit to express
much in few words, so 'tis of a little wit, to talk
much to little purpose.

'Tis rather from the vanity we have of our own
Judgments, that we applaud the good qualities of
another, than from any esteem we have of their
Merits, and tis only to procure praises to our
selves, that we ever bestow 'em on others.

We never love to give praises to others, and
when we do, 'tis still with some design, Praise is
a kind of delicate conceal'd flattery, which differ-
ently satisfies him that gives it, and him that re-
ceives

ceives it; for this receives it as due to his Merit, and the other gives it as a testimony of his Justice and Judgment.

104.

We often by too much praise, and over-flattery make those faults appear in those we praise which it were rudeness to discover any other way.

105.

Most commonly we praise but to be commended.

106.

There are few persons so wise to prefer the little reproaching Counsel that advantages them, before the praises which betray them.

107.

There are praises which discommend, and reproaches which commend.

108.

To refuse a praise, is only to invite and draw on another.

109.

The desire to Merit the Praises that are given us
do

(123)

do increase and fortify our Vertue, and those encomiums that are given our Wit and Beauty contribute to advance 'em.

. 110.

'Tis more difficult to prevent our being Governed than to Govern others.

111.

If we did not flatter our selves, the flatteries of others would not hurt us.

112.

Nature gives the Merit, but 'tis Fortune that makes it appear, and become successful.

113.

Fortune corrects many faults, which Reason cannot.

114.

Some are dissatisfied with their own Merits, and others are delighted and pleased with their faults.

115.

There are a sort of People who affect speaking
and

and acting foolish things, which turn to their profit, and who would spoil all their interest, if they should change their Method and Custom.

116.

A Glorious Great Man ought always to take his Measures, from those rules of which he has already serv'd himself to acquire that Glory.

117.

Kings esteem of Men as they do of Money, they set what value they please on 'em, and one is obliged to take 'em at their rate, and not according to their intrinsic value.

118.

'Tis not enough to have great Parts, but one ought to have Government and Conduct too.

119.

Tho an Action be never so glorious, yet it ought not to pass for great when it tends not to a great design.

120.

There ought to be a certain proportion between the Action and the Design, if one would draw

draw from them all the effects they would produce.

121.

The artful doing of an indifferent thing sometimes gains a person as much Reputation as true Merit.

122.

There are an infinite number of things that appear ridiculous, whose secret Reasons are very wise and very solid.

123.

'Tis more easie to appear worthy an employment one has not, than that which one already has.

124.

Our Merits draw to us the esteem of the brave and good, and our Stars that of the Mobily.

125.

The World recompences oftner the appearance of Merit than Merit it self.

126.

Avarice is more opposite to good Husbandry, than Liberality.

127. Tho

127.

Tho Hope be Faithless and Flattering, yet it fails not however to bring us to the end of life's tedious Journey by an agreeable way.

128.

While Cowardize and Fear keeps us Honest and Loyal, our Vertues get the Honour on't.

129.

'Tis hard to Judge whether Honest, Sincere proceeding between Man and Man be the effect of Justice and Vertue, or Pride and Ability.

130.

Vertue loses it self in Interest, as Rivers are lost in the Sea.

131.

We are so pre-engaged in favour of our selves, that often what we take for Vertue is but Vice in the shape of Vertue; disguised by our Self-love.

132. There

There are divers kinds of Curiosities, one is that of Interest, that carries us to a desire to learn that which may advantage us; another is of Pride, which comes from a desire to know that which others are ignorant of.

'Tis better to imploy ones thoughts how to support well our present Ills, than to look forward on those that may arrive to us.

To persist in a thing that is neither worthy praise, nor dispraise, is but to maintain a dull dispute, that neither instructs nor improves ye.

Repentance is not so much the effects of regret for what we have done, as 'tis from the fear of a punishment that may befall us.

136.

There is an inconstancy that proceeds from the levity of the mind, which makes one still of the opinion

opinion of him, or them that spoke last; and there is another that is more excusable, that proceeds from the dislike and disopinion of things.

Vices mingle themselves in the compound of Vertue, as Poisons are mixed in the composition of Medicines. Prudence puts 'em together, and tempers 'em, and she knows what's most proper against the disease of life.

There are certain Crimes become Innocent, by their noise, their number, and their excess; from hence it comes that publick Robbers gather strength, take Provinces, and call it Glorious Conquest.

We justify our faults, to be thought innocent in the opinion of others.

There are Heroes in an Inglorious Cause as well as a Glorious.

We do not despise all those that are Vicious but we condemn those that have no Verrues at all.

142.

The name of Vertue advances ones Interest more effectually than either real Vertue, or Vice.

143.

The health of the Soul is as uncertain as that of the Body; and tho one seems to be far from Passions, yet one is in no less danger of falling into 'em than to fall sick when one is in perfect health.

144.

It appears that Nature has prescribed every Body from their Birth limits for their Virtues and their Vices.

145.

Vices are most visible in the Great.

146.

We may say that Vice attends us in the course of our lives, as the Host at whose Inne we lodge successively, and I believe Experience would make us avoid many of 'em, if we went twice the same way.

147. When

147.

When Vice leaves us, we flatter our selves, that we leave Vice.

148.

There are Relapses in the Diseases of the soul as there is in those of the Body. That which we take for our cure is very often but a release from one Ill to another.

149.

The defects of the Soul, are like the ill healed wounds of the Body; the Scar will still remain, and they are always in danger to be opened.

150.

That which hinders us from giving our selves up to one only Vice, is because we have so many to imploy our selves in.

151.

We easily forget our faults when they are known to no body but our selves.

152.

There are some whom we cannot imagine guilty of

of any fault, unless we saw 'em commit it, but none ought to wonder when they see faults committed.

153.

We extol the Glory of one, by debasing that of another, and we are ever apt to under rate that of a King, if we do not down-right Libel him.

154.

The desire of being accomplish'd often times hinders us from being so, as the half-witted Spark by going into *France* becomes a Fop.

155.

Vertue would not go astray if Vanity did not keep her company, and debauch her.

156.

The truly Vertuous good Man, is he who has a prejudice to nothing, and to no body.

157.

Pride in a Woman is as necessary as Painting : One sets a value on her Humour, the other on her Face.

A a

158. Ho-

159.

An Honest Loyal Man, and a Vertuous Woman are Judged by the Company they keep.

160.

Folly pursues us all the Course of our Lives, and if any one appear wise 'tis because his Follies are suited to his Age, his Fortune, and his Circumstances.

161.

There are Fools, and Coxcombs who understand themselves well enough to make their interest, and can advantageously employ their Cunning, Folly, and Foppery.

162.

He that lives without Folly is not so wise as he thinks himself.

163.

In growing old, one becomes more foolish, and more wise.

164.

The Love of Glory, the fear of Shame, the
design

design to make our Fortunes, the desire to live agreeably, and our Pride to humble others, are the causes of that Valor so celebrated among Men.

165.

Valor in a Soldier is a Perillous trade; and he every day ventures life to live.

166.

True Valor and compleat Cowardize are two extremes, to which one seldom arrives, the distance between 'em is very great, and contains all the lesser degrees of Courage, between which there is as much difference as between the Humor and the Face of Men; there are some who bravely expose themselves at the first onset of a Battel, and who cunningly retire and give back if it last long, and grow hot. There are others who being accustomed to little dangers, push on their Courage and expose themselves to the greatest: and there are those who are well-pleased to set up their rest when they have given the World one single proof of their Courage and Honour; and there are those also who are brave at the Sword, and yet fear the shot of a Musquet: some can fight in a Battel, but cannot fight in a Duel: there are others who are not always Masters of their Fear, others that will suffer themselves to be wholly overcome by their terror, others will

Aa 2

Charge

Charge because they dare not stay in their Posts : all these kinds of Valor agree in this, that the night increases their fears, and hiding both the good and the bad Actions, gives them the liberty to manage all for the best : there is yet a more general way of managing of Valor, a certain good Husbandry in Bravery, which makes few Men do what they dare, and can do upon occasion when they are sure to come off without danger, for the fear of Death takes much away from Valour.

167.

True Valour, is to act without witness, what one dares do in the face of the Sun, and sight of the World.

168.

Resolution is an extraordinary force of the Soul which raises us above the troubles and disorders of life, and thole Perils and Dangers Humane life is subject to, and 'tis by the force of this that the greatest Heroes support themselves in a peaceable state, and preserve their reason intire for more surprizing Accidents.

169.

Hypocrisie is the Homage that Vice pays to Vertue.

170. Most

170

Most Men expose themselves to dangers to advance their Honour, but few expose themselves as they ought, to advance the design for which they are exposed.

171.

Vanity and Shame are in all people, and they alone make Men Valiant, and Women Honest.

172.

We are not willing to buy Glory at the price of our Live's; and the Brave have more address and contrivance to put off Death than the Tradesman has to put off his false Wares.

173.

There are very few Persons who in the declension of their Age can tell, whether the imperfections of the Body, or those of the mind fail and decay first.

174.

There is a sort of acknowledgment, who keeps a Trade going upon Credit; and when they trust, or pay, 'tis not from Charity, or Justice, but because others should do the like to them.

Aa 3

175. We

175.

We ought not to boast of our grateful acknowledgments for Favours received, nor cry we have acquitted our selves as we ought, for 'tis a self-flattery even to baseness, and a gratitude even to ingratitude.

176.

That which makes a misunderstanding between those that do favors, and those that return them, is that the Pride of the giver, and the Pride of the receiver cannot agree upon the price of the good done.

177.

The too great care one has or hast one makes of acquitting ones self of an obligation, is a sort Ingratitude and Scorn of being obliged.

178.

We are more easily perswaded to give limits to our acknowledgments than our hopes and desires.

179.

Pride will not owe, nor Self-love will not pay.

180. The

180.

The good we receive should atone for the Ills
that are done us by others.

181.

Nothing is so contagious as example, yet it
neither procures us great good, or great harm,
nor produces nothing that does not resemble it,
for we imitate the good by Emulation, and the
bad by the Malignity of our Nature; for what
Shame conceals and retains Example divulges and
sets at liberty.

182.

'Tis a very great Folly to be wise by our selves
that is, singular, or particular.

183.

What pretext soever we have for our afflictions
'tis most times the effects of Vanity or Interest.

184.

There is in affliction divers sorts of Hipocrisie;
in one, under pretence of bewailing a person
dead, we bewail our selves, 'tis the loss of some
interest or pleasure, or what makes as considerable,
ble,

ble, while the dead have only the honour of those tears which indeed are shed for the living; this is a sort of Hipocrisie in which we ever deceive our selves.

There is another affliction in which there is another sort of Hipocrisie, less innocent than the former, because it imposes upon all the World; 'tis the affliction of those who aspire to a great and immortal grief; and tho the cause be gone, past and consumed, and ceases to be, they still continue obstinate in their sighs, tears, and complaints, assuming a mournful face, a languishing look, and a certain forc'd retirement to endeavour to perswade the beholders by their Actions that their grief shall never finish but with their lives. This tiresom, melancholy vanity is found most prevalent with Ambitious Women, For as they being by their Sex uncapable by any other way to arrive at Glory, they will force an applause and celebration by the means of an extraordinary grief, and an unconsolable Affliction.

There is also another sort of Sorrow, and weeping, which like a little scource will run, and be as easily stopt; for there are those that shed tears to gain the reputation of being tender; some will weep to be pitied, and some will weep to make others weep, in fine, they will weep to evade the shame of being thought incapable not to weep at all.

185.

We do not always lament the loss of our friends by the consideration of their Merits, but that of our own Pleasure and Necessity, and for the good opinion they had of us.

186.

Good Nature is the Cully of Self-love, and while we think to oblige others we take the surest way to arrive at our own proper ends, 'tis a sort of lending on Usury, under pretence of giving, and 'tis a subtil delicate way to deceive the World.

187.

No Person merits the Praise of being good, if he have not the power of doing ill, all other goodness is but the effect of Laziness and industry and the want of power and will.

188.

Nothing flatters our Pride so much as that the Great confide in us, which we believe the effects of our Merits, when indeed 'tis only the vanity or want of power to keep the secret in him that tells it, who perhaps discharges it to lighten his Soul of a pressure that over-burdens it.

189. O e

189.

One may justly say when Beauty wants its little artifices it loses all its rules and graces of natural Beauty, and secret attractions are undiscovered and lost for want of those to point 'em out to the World. 'Tis the Air and Mien that is the Rhetorick that perswades and makes Beauty agreeable, that would else be awkward and disagreeable.

190.

To be a Cocket (or talkative) is the humour most natural to Women, tho 'tis not practised by all. The desire of talking is restrained in some out of Reason, and in others out of fear or design.

191.

We often incommode others when we believe we cannot be troublesome.

192.

There are few things impossible in themselves, and 'tis the application we make to bring it to perfection fails, and not the project.

193. The

193.

The height of Policy consists in knowing the true value of things.

194.

The greatest Cunning consists in knowing how to conceal that Cunning.

195.

A seeming generosity is no other than Ambition disguis'd, which despises little interests to arrive at greater.

196.

That Fidelity which appears in most Men is but an invention of Self-love, to procure us a confidence or knowledg of the secrets of another, and to make our selves the depositories of the most important affairs.

197.

Magnanimity despises all to gain all.

198.

There is as much Eloquence in the tone of the Voice as there is in the choice of words.

199. True

199.

True Eloquence consists in saying all that one may, not all that one can.

200.

There are those whose very faults are lucky to 'em, and procure 'em advantage; and others whose good qualities rendring 'em unhappy fall into disgrace.

201.

'Tis ordinary to change ones Palate, but extraordinary to change ones Inclinations.

202.

Interest sets at work all sorts of Vertues, and all sorts of Vices.

203.

Humility is no other than a feigned Submission which we make use of to oblige others to submit to us, 'tis an artifice of Pride to stoop that we may rise, we may transform our selves into a thousand Shapes to make our selves popular, but we are never better disguised nor more capable of deceiving than when we assume that of Humility.

204. Every

204.

Every sentiment has a particular tone of the Voice, Gesture and Mien proper for their purpose; and the manner of speaking more than the matter, renders the thing agreeable or disagreeable as 'tis design'd.

205.

In all professions every Man affects an extraordinary or peculiar Mien, to express what he would have us believe him to be, so that one may say the whole World is composed of Grimmas and Mimicry.

206.

Gravity is a Mystery of the Body invented to hide the imperfections of the mind.

207.

There is great Eloquence in the Eyes and Air of a Person, that prevails as much as fine discourse.

208.

Civility is only a desire to receive Civility, and to be esteemed accomplish'd and well bred.

209. That

209.

That Education which is generally given to Youth, is to inspire 'em with Self-love.

110.

That which we count Liberality, is no other than the vanity of giving, and the love of giving is much more than that of receiving.

211.

Pity is only the sense of our own self-ills, which we behold in the Ills of another, 'tis a dexterous foresight of misfortunes, whereto we our selves may fall, and when we succour others, 'tis because they should do the same to us on the like occasion.

212.

'Tis the meanness of the Wit that renders a Man obstinate and conceited of himself, and 'tis not easie to perswade such an one to a belief of any thing but what he sees.

213.

We deceive our selves if we believe there are no Passions but what are violent and lasting, since
Laziness,

Laziness, as feeble and languishing as it is predominates over even Love and Ambition, those powerful Triumphers over all the other Passions, nay it usurps sometimes even over all the desires and actions of our Lives^e and destroys and consumes insensibly all other Passions, and Vertues.

214.

An eagerness to believe Ill, without examining the matter well, is an effect of Pride and Laziness, they find the guilt without giving themselves the trouble of inquiring into the Crime.

215.

We reject Counsel upon a very slight Interest, or concern, and will not have our Reputations depend on the Judgments of other Men, which proceeds either from Contradiction, Jealousie, design to forestall us, and we often Sacrifice our Fortunes, repose or lives, that Men may judge in favour of us.

216.

There are few Men so cunning to know all the Ills they do.

217.

One is much more cautious of acquired Honour than of that one is born to.

218. Youth

218.

Youth is a continual Debauchery and Fever
to Reason.

219.

We love to presage the fate of others, but hate
they should presage that of ours.

220.

There are a sort of People whose Merit is that
they are Vicious, much approved of, and serve
to entertain the World best.

221.

'Tis a dull Disease that Lasciviousness must
cure.

222.

They that make the greatest boast of their
good Nature, are the most easie, and with the
smallest interest drawn away.

223.

That which makes us so often dissatisfied with
those we trust in affairs, is, that they regard not
so much the interest of those that employ 'em as
they

they do the vanity of succeeding: which redounds to their Honour, in having so well accomplished what they undertook.

224.

All the Arts we use to increase the tenderness our friends have for us, is not so much out of gratitude and acknowledgment, as a desire to recommend our own Merits, and make them Judges of it.

225.

The approbation we give young Men that are coming into the world, proceeds often from a secret Envy we have to those that are established in it already.

226.

Pride that inspires us with Envy serves us very often to moderate it.

227.

There is a falsity disguis'd, which so well represents the Truth, that it always deceives with the best success.

228.

There needs as much discretion to know how to profit by good Counsel, as there is to counsel well ones self.

B b

229. There

229.

There is a sort of Malicious, Vicious People in the World, who would be less dangerous if they had no good qualities at all.

230.

Magnanimity is defin'd by its name, and one may say 'tis the best sence of Pride, and the most noble way of gaining Praises.

231:

'Tis not so much the quickness of Wit, or the flowing of our Understanding that makes us find out so many expedients for one and the same business; as it is a defect of Judgment, or a glimmering light of things that stops us at every thought that presents it self, and hindering the imagination from discerning at present which is best.

232.

There are Affairs like Diseases, that are rendered worse by applying Remedies unseasonably: and the greatest cunning of a Man is to know best when 'tis most Proper and most necessary to apply them.

233. An

233.

An affected Innocence and simplicity is a fly
Imposture.

234.

There is more defects in the Humour, than in the
Wit.

235.

Mens Merits have their seasons as well as fruits.

236.

One may say of Mens Humours as of Buildings,
that they have divers faces, some agreeable and
some uniform.

237.

Moderation can never have the Glory of Con-
quering Ambition, because they never dwell to-
gether, for Moderation is the languishing Laziness
of the Soul, and Ambition is the fire, Activity, vi-
gour, and ardour of it.

238.

'Tis not convenient for us to know the force
and strength of our own Wills.

239.

The Humours of our Bodies have an extraordinary Course, which unperceivably turns and moves our Wills, they roul and rove together and usurp successively a secret Empire within us in so absolute a manner, that they Tyrannize over all our Actions, almost without our knowledge.

240.

Pubick acknowledgments in Men, are for the most part but a secret desire of receiving a greater good.

241.

Every body takes care to acquit themselves of little obligations with pleasure, and some will pay great acknowledgments for indifferent favors, but there is scarce any body who does not return great ones with ingratitude.

242.

There are Follies as catching as Contagious Diseases.

243.

We seem to despise those Excellencies we can never attain to.

244. In

244.

In all things where our Interest is concerned, we catch at every trifling hope, and are deluded by every little appearance.

245.

We have so good an opinion of our selves that they tell us no news who speak well of us.

246.

How easily we forgive those that injure others, and how unwillingly those that injure us.

247.

Interest, which is reckoned among our Crimes, ought to be esteemed as one of our good actions.

248.

We find few ungrateful while we are in a condition to oblige.

249.

'Tis as necessary and reasonable to have Pride ones self, as 'tis ridiculous to shew it to others.

Some have made a Vertue of Moderation, to limit the moderation of the great, and to comfort and console the generality in their mean and scanty Fortunes, and their little Merits.

There are in both Sexes a sort of People destin'd to be Fools and Fops, and Coxcombs, and who do not only commit fopperies by choice, but even Fate it self constrains 'em to it.

Sometimes there arrives in ones life accidents, wherein one must appear ignorant, to withdraw ones self from those troubles, that may befall us by understanding 'em.

If there be a Man on Earth who has not committed a weakness that may render him ridiculous, it is because others have not looked narrowly into his Actions, or made good observations upon them.

254.

We have memory enough to retain the least injury done us, but have not enough to remember what we have done to others.

255.

The extreme pleasure we take in talking of our selves, should make us so modest as to fear we give but little to those that hear us.

256.

That which hinders us from letting our friends know the bottom of our hearts, is not so much out of a distrust of 'em, as of our selves.

257.

Half-witted People can never be sincere.

258.

'Tis not so great a misfortune to oblige the ungrateful as to be obliged by a knave, which is insupportable.

259.

One may be cur'd of Folly, but never of a sullen unceasing obstinacy.

B b 4

260. We

260.

We can never preserve the esteem we have of our friends if we use our selves to speak often of their defects.

261.

To praise a Prince for Virtues he has not, is to do him an unpunishable Injury.

262.

Our Will is no less at the mercy of Fortune than our good and happiness.

263.

We oftner comfort our selves by the weakness of our Ills, than by the strength of our Reason.

264.

The least fault a Man can have, is to perswade himself he has no great ones.

265.

Desire is more irreconcilable than hate.

266. W

266.

We often believe we hate flattery, but we only hate the manner of being flattered.

267.

Women know not all their Cocketry, and impertinence.

268.

Women have never a compleat Severity without an aversion.

269.

There are certain good Qualities like our senses, which when we are deprived of, we cannot so much as comprehend what they are.

270.

We resent our good or ill Fortune proportionable to our Self-love.

271.

The Wit of the greatest part of Women, serves more to fortifie and demonstrate their Folly, than their Reason.

272. The

272.

We know the Passions of Youth, and the Dotage of Age are equally opposite to Salvation.

273.

The accent of the Country where we are born lives in our hearts, and minds, as well as on our tongues and in our Language.

274.

To know how to be great, we must know how to reap a profit from all fortunes, and to make good use of an indifferent one is the way to arrive at a greater.

275.

The most part of Men have a quality like that of Plants, whose proper Talent is, to hide their Vertue, and 'tis with hazard and difficulty they are discovered.

276.

We allow no body to be a person of good sense if they be not of our opinion.

277. That

277.

That which makes us rail at those that seem to be very cunning, is, because they think themselves wiser than we.

278.

'Tis the meanness of our Soul that makes us think our selves at little accidents, while great Wits and Noble Spirits know all and bear all unhurt.

279.

What distrust soever we have of the Sincerity of those we converse with, we still fancy they speak more truth to us than to others.

280.

There are few Cowards that are sensible of their own fear.

281.

We may give Counsel, but cannot inspire Conduct.

282.

When our Merits are lessened, our Spirits are debased.

283. Good

283.

Good Fortune makes our Vertues, and our Vices appear as the light makes all objects.

284.

The Actions of the great are so publick, that it exposes 'em to the praise and reproaches of the Vulgar, so that there is a necessity for a Statesman to be indued with great Fortitude and Resolution.

285.

The desire of speaking of our selves, and to make our faults appear on that side we would have 'em shown, makes a great part of our sincerity.

286.

We ought not to be surpris'd at any thing unless we can surprize.

287.

None suffer so many Injuries as those that can do none.

288.

A Coxcomb has not Materials to be good.

289. If

289.

If Vanity do not intirely overthrow Virtue, at least it has power to shake it.

290.

That which renders the Vanity of others insupportable is because it reproaches ours, for we hate to see that ill figure in others which we ourselves make.

291.

We are more easily perswaded to renounce our vanity than our pleasures.

292.

Fortune never is represented blind but to the unfortunate.

293.

You must manage your Fortune as you do your health, enjoy it while it is good, and be patient when 'tis ill; and never apply great Remedies but in great Extremities.

294.

A Fop may lose his affectation in a Champagn, but never in a Court.

295. One

295.

One may be wiser sometimes than some; but never wiser than all.

296.

We are ashamed to say we are absolutely without faults, or that our Enemies are wholly without Vertues, but however we believe both.

297.

Of all our defects, that which agrees best with us is Idleness, we persuade our selves that keeps our Vertues calm, when it only keeps 'em suspended and subjected to that alone.

298.

There is an advancement that does not depend on Fortune, 'tis a certain Air of Authority that seems to destine us for greatness, and superiority, 'tis a price we set unperceivably upon our selves. 'Tis by this Air, by this quality that we oblige or compell advancement from others, and 'tis this which commonly puts us much above those of Merit, Birth, or Dignity.

299. There

299.

There is too often Merit without Advancement,
but rarely Advancement without some Merit.

300.

Advancement is to merit as a graceful dress to
the fair.

301.

Fortune serves her self with our defects to raise
us, and there are Men (whose Merit is not re-
compenced) very troublesome and incommode,
insomuch that one is obliged to purchase their
absence, and advance 'em to send 'em away pleas'd.

302.

It seems as if Nature had hid in the most pro-
found parts of our minds, a Talent of Knowledg,
and Reason that we are not sensible of, and 'tis Pas-
sions only that have more right to discover them
(and to give us a more certain insight into them,
and bring them to perfection) than Art has power
to do.

303.

Pride never loses so much as when it renoun-
ces Vanity.

304. The

304.

The Proud are ever complaining of that Vice in others.

305.

Pride is equal in all Persons, only some have an art to dissemble it better than others.

306.

Nature has taken so wise an order in the disposition of the Organs of the Body to render us happy, that she has kindly given us Pride to condemn the grief of knowing our imperfections.

307.

Pride has a greater share than Vertue or good nature in the Counsels of those who condemn faults, and we do not so often reprehend them so much from a desire to correct them, as to persuade them we our selves are not guilty.

308.

There arrives to us in all ages, and all times of our lives something new, so that we want experience still in spight of the number of years.

309. 'Tis

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309.

'Tis certain that those who are caught by our cunning and deceit, do not appear so ridiculous as we do to our selves, when the subtilty of others has intrapped us.

310.

We should often be ashamed of most of our Actions, if the World saw and knew all the motives that produce 'em.

311.

'Tis not the greatest mark of friendship to discover all our defects to a friend, unless in return he make known his own.

312.

We have few faults that are not more Pardonable than the meanness we make use of to hide 'em, what shame soever we have deserved, 'tis almost in our own power to re-establish our Reputations.

313.

Of LOVE.

The date of our Passions depends no more on us than the date of our lives.

C c

314. Passion

314.

Passion finds a passage to the souls of the greatest and wisest of Men, and very often renders even the greatest Fools accomplished.

315.

The Passion of Love is the Orator that always best persuades; 'tis an Art in Nature whose Rules are infallible, and the most simple person in Love prevails more than the most Eloquent that is not so inspired.

316.

Passion has a kind of injustice and self-interest, which makes it dangerous to pursue it; and one ought the most to resist it when it appears the most reasonable.

317.

There is in Humane Nature a perpetual Generation of Passions, insomuch that the ruine of one is the establishment of another.

318.

Passions very often beget their contraries: Avarice sometimes begets Prodigality, and Profuseness

fuseness Covetousness, and one is often more steadfast by weakness, and more cold by fear.

319.

Whatsoever care we take to hide our Passions with the appearance of Piety and Vertue, yet they always discover themselves through their Veils.

320.

Jealousie nourished with doubt becomes a Fury; but dies when it passes from doubt to certainty.

321.

'Tis hard to define Love, and at last all that can be said of it, is that 'tis a tender Passion that Reigns in the Soul and softens all its roughness. In the Mind it is a Sympathy, and in the Body a curious hidden desire to enjoy what one loves, after a great deal of mysterious trouble and expectations.

322.

If there be a purity in Love unmixed with other Passions, 'tis that which lies hid in the bottom of our hearts, and is hardly made known to our selves.

(366)

323.

But there is no disguise can conceal true Love
where it is, nor can feign it where 'tis not.

324.

Since we can neither be in Love, nor cease to
Love when we list, 'tis with injustice the Lover
complains on the fickleness of his Mistress.

325.

If we judge of Love by the greatest part of its
effects, it more resembles hatred than friendship.

326.

We may find Women who have never been in
Love, but 'tis rare to find those who never had
but one Lover.

327.

There is but one kind of Love, but there are a
thousand different Copies.

328.

Love is like fire ; this cannot subsist without
Air,

329.

Air, and t'other ceases to live when it ceases to hope or fear:

330.

It is with Love as with Apparitions, all the World talks of 'em, but few have seen 'em.

331.

Love lends his name to an infinite number of Traders that would be thought to commerce with him, but have indeed no more to do with him than the Duke of *Venice* hath with the Senate.

332.

Love of Justice is in most Men but a fear of suffering Injustice.

333.

Silence is the surest friend to him that stands at defiance with himself.

334.

That which renders us so inconstant in our Love is, because 'tis very difficult to know the qualities of the soul, and easie to know those of the Inclinations.

C c 3

335. Even

335.

Even the most uninterested Love is no other than a Commerce where our Self-love proposes a Gain.

336.

When we are weary of a Lover, we are very well pleased to find him unfaithful, that we may be disengaged from our Fidelity.

337.

'Tis less Shame to be deceived by a Lover, than to be def'd by him.

338.

We often persuade our selves that we love persons more powerful and great than our selves, when 'tis only self-interest that is the production of it, and we do not offer 'em our devoirs for any good we would do 'em, but to serve our own Interests.

339.

Our own Distrusts and Jealousies justify the Suits of another.

340.

'Tis a certain sign of a decay in Love in our selves

selves not to take notice of the coldness of a Lover.

341.

The more I love *Lyfander*, the readier I am to hate him.

342.

If we can resist our Passions, 'tis more from the weakness of them than our own Vertues.

343.

The least fault of those who have abandoned themselves to Love, is to be in Love.

344.

I should never have been in Love if People had not talked of Love to me.

345.

To be Constant in Love, is to be always Inconstant, for it compells a concern in our Souls for all the Qualities and Actions of the Person Beloved, giving an esteem sometimes to one, sometimes to another; and 'tis no other than a stay'd Inconstancy which is shut up and confin'd to one.

346.

There are two Constancies in Love, one is from the eternal discoveries we make of new Charms in the Object beloved, the other is from a punctilio of Honour not to be inconstant.

347.

That which makes us love new Lovers is not so much out of weariness of the old, or the pleasure of changing for new, but an apprehension that we are not enough admired by those that know us, and a vanity and hope of being more by those that know us less.

348.

We often complain of the coldness of our Lovers, to excuse our own to them.

349.

There is no Passion where self-love Reigns so absolutely as in that of Love, and we are always more inclin'd to Sacrifice the repose of what we love than to lose the least part of our own.

350. The

350.

The pleasure of Love is to Love, and I am more happy in my Passion for *Lysander* than in that which I believe he has for me.

351.

Absence diminishes an indifferent Passion, but increases a great one, like the wind that blows out a Flambeau, but kindles a Fire.

352.

Women often believe they Love when they do not the business of Love, of intriguing. The motions of their minds and the exercising their wit gives them a natural desire of Gallantry, and the extreme pleasure of being beloved persuades 'em (rather than want the vanity of Lovers) that they have a tenderness for 'em, when indeed 'tis only a desire of Courtship.

353.

We certainly love those we admire, but we do not always love them that admire us.

354. 'Tis

354.

'Tis not convenient for us to know the force
and strength of our own hearts.

355.

'Tis very difficult to love those we do not esteem,
and no less difficult to love those we esteem more
than we do our selves.

356.

That which makes a Lover and his Mistis never
weary of being together is, because they are
still speaking of themselves, and still good of
themselves.

357.

We are more apt to love even those that hate
us, than those that love us more than we desire.

358.

There are none but those that are really despi-
sable, that fear to be despised.

359.

There is in Jealousie more of Self-love than Love.

390. As

360.

- As long as we Love we Pardon. A Woman can less overcome her Coquetry or little impertinence than her Passion.

361.

Women have never a compleat Severity without Averſion.

362.

The little deceits of Lovers exceed their diſtruſts.

363.

There is a certain ſort of Love, whoſe Exceſs hinders its Jealouſie.

364.

There can be no Rule or Conſtancy in the heart of a Woman, if her temper and inclinations do not accord.

365.

When we Love, we often doubt what we deſire moſt to believe.

366. The

(374)

366.

The greatest Miracle of Love is to cure Foppery and Impertinence.

367.

I have found a great deal of trouble to break off with those I lov'd no more.

368.

We are always weary of those we are not permitted to be weary of.

369.

The wisest Men may be permitted to love even to Folly but not to a degree of being besotted or jilted.

370.

Love, Fear, Hope, and Jealousie are never asunder, but when Hope decays, all the rest dies.

371.

Infidelity ought to extinguish Love, and he ought no longer to be Jealous, who knows he has reason to be so, and none ought to give us Jealousie, but those that are worthy of our Jealousie.

Infidelity

(375)

372.

Infidelity never afflicts us but when it comes home to us, and concerns our selves.

373.

Jealousie is always born with Love, but does not always dye with it.

374.

The most part of Women do not so much weep for their Lovers because they loved 'em, as they do to appear more worthy of being beloved again.

375.

You ought to say but little of your Wife, and less to her.

376.

There are few Honest Women who are not weary of their Trade.

378.

The greatest part of honest Women are like hidden Treasure, which is safe only because no body searches after it.

379. The

(376)

379.

The Violence we are forced to use to prevent Loving, proves often more cruel than the Rigors of those we Love.

380.

'Tis always the fate of Lovers not to know they are not beloved.

381.

We dread always to see those we love, when we come from making Love elsewhere.

382.

There are certain fears which deceive our selves, after having deceived others.

If you believe you love *Amynta*, for the love of *Amynta*, you are much deceived.

383.

You ought to indure and bear with that fault in *Amynta*, which she has Wit and Candor enough to own.

384. Desire

(377)

384.

Desire is destroyed by true friendship, as Impertinence and Coquetry is by true Love.

385.

Too deep a penetration is a fault, especially into things that concern our repose.

386.

The Violence we use to continue faithful to those we love, is little better than an Infidelity.

387.

I am more happy in being deceived by *Lysander* than in being undeceived.

388.

We may remain constant a long time in Love, if we do not seek a change.

389.

The least part of Gallantry is Love. Those that are Coquets make it a piece of Honour to be Jealous of those they pretend to Love, to conceal

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ceal from 'em the desires they have for others.

390.

The most ridiculous thing in a decay'd Beauty that has been fine and amiable, is, to forget that she is now no more charming.

S E L F - L O V E .

Self-love is the greatest of Flatteries.

391.

Self-love will jilt ye sooner than the most subtil of Women.

392.

The Self lover suffers more impatiently the deprivation of his pleasure than his opinion.

393.

Self-love increases or diminishes the good qualities of our Friends proportionable to the satisfaction we have in 'em, and we judge of their Merits by their manner of living with us.

394. Of

Of DEATH.

Death and the Sun ought not to be gazed on with open Eyes.

After having spoken of the false appearance of Vertue, 'tis fit we say something of the false contempt. I have heard talk of a contempt of Death which the *Romans* boasted to have had, purely proceeding from the bravery of the mind, without the least hope of a better life, but there is a great difference between suffering death with a constant Resolution, and that of a Contempt: The first is common, but I believe the last is never Sincere: and tho there are those that have written all that might perswade the World that Death has no Sting, and tho the weakest Men as well as the bravest Heroes have given a thousand celebrated Examples, to confirm and establish this Opinion in the World; yet I question whether any reasonable Man ever believes it; and the great pains some Men take to perswade others as well as themselves, makes us plainly see that this Faith is not so easily established amongst Men of common Sense. 'Tis true, there may many
Dd accidents

accidents fall out to give us a disgust of Life, but none that can make us have a contempt of Death, nay even those that have given themselves a violent Death are not so easily contented, or go so chearful, and are astonished and dejected when it arrives to 'em by any other way than what they have chosen.

The difference that is observable in an infinite number of Valiant Men, shews that Death represents it self in different forms to their imaginations; and appears more formidable at one time than another. So that it often falls out, that after having contemned what we know not, we fear what we do know: and there is no possible way to die with any reasonable courage, but to fancy that Death is not the worst of Ills.

The most Brave and Wise are those that take all occasions to hinder themselves from the consideration of Death. But all that seriously consider find the necessity of dying, a most dreadful thing, and full of Horror, tho Arm'd with the Constancy of a Philosopher. They believe they must, and ought to go with a good Grace, when they cannot hinder themselves from going: and not being able to make themselves Immortal, there is nothing they will not endeavour and force themselves to do, to Immortallize their Fame, thinking to save that from Ship-wreck which cannot be preserved.

Well then, since we cannot make that appearance we would, at least let us make the best we can,

can, and not tell our selves all we think in the affair of Death, and hope more from our moderation, than from those weak reasons, which would make us believe we can approach death with indifference, the glory of dying with a brave resolution, the hope of being lamented, the desire to leave a good Reputation behind us, the assurance of being set free from the miseries of Life, and to depend no more upon the Caprices of Fortune, are advantages that ought not to be rejected; but yet we need not believe these Remedies infallible against the fear of Death.

As in a time of War, the Routed Hero sees at distance some flattering Refuge in an adjacent covert of a seeming gloomy thicket, where he fancies to find a shelter from the fury of the pursuing Conqueror, but approaching it more near he finds the lowly Shrubs too feeble a defence alas against the Victor. So is that self-flattery of ours, that would persuade us Death seems to be the same thing near at hand which it appeared to us at distance and far off. And that our sentiments which are but weak, are of a temper strong enough to endure that rough and sullen stroke. And we depend too much upon our own Self-flattery and Opinion, to think they can assist us to out-brave that which must render us to be no more; and Reason to which we have (as we believe) recourse, is too feeble to persuade us in this encounter to what we wish to believe: On the contrary, 'tis reason that most often betrays, and in-

stead of inspiring us with a neglect of Death, serves only to discover to us all that it has of terrible and dreadful.

All then that Reason can do for us in this last effort is, to counsel us to turn our eyes, and fix 'em upon other objects—any thing but the Image of Death, *Cato* and *Brutus* chose an Illustrious Death, and dy'd bravely—so did *El.*—nay, I have seen a Lackey dance upon the Scaffold which he ascended to be broken on a Wheel, and *Vrats* dy'd as well as *L.*—*R.* herein you may see tho the quality and motives be different, yet that they may produce the same effects. So that whatever disproportion you see between the Hero and the Traitor, the Man of Quality and the Scoundrell, we have a thousand times seen both the one and the other receive Death with the same face, and with the same unconcern or dejection mount the Scaffold, or the Gibbet; but 'tis with this difference, that the contempt the great Man seems to have for Death is the Vanity of Glory, which blinds him, and in the humbler Criminal 'tis no other than the effects of Ignorance; which hinders him from being sensible of the greatness of his pain or shame, and leaves him the liberty to think of other things.

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